The Independent.

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Our Special Contributors.

THE SWORD OF CASTRUCCIO CASTRUCANI.

"Questa è per me."—VICTOR EMANUEL.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

WHEN Victor Emanuel, the King,
Went down to his Lucca that day,
The people, each vaunting the thing
As he gave it, gave all things away
In a burst of fierce gratitude, say,
As they tore out their hearts for the King.

II.

Gave the green forest-walk on the wall,
With the Appenine blue through the trees;
Gave palaces, churches, and all
The great pictures which burn out of these;
But the eyes of the King seemed to freeze
As he glanced upon ceiling and wall.

III.

"Good," said the King as he past.
Was he cold to the arts? or else coy
To possession? or crossed at the last,
Whispered some, by the vote in Savoy?
Shout!—love him enough for his joy!
"Good," said the King as he past.

IV.

He, traveling the whole day through flowers
And protesting amenities, found,
At Pistoia, betwixt the two showers
Ofred roses, "the Orphans" (renowned
As the heirs of Puccini) who wound
With a sword through the crowd and the flowers,

V.

"'Tis the sword of Castruccio, O King!
In old strife of intestinal hate
Very famous. Accept what we bring,
We, who cannot be sons by our fate,
Rendered citizens by thee of late
And endowed with a country and King.

VI.

"Read:—Puccini has willed that this sword
(Which once made in an ignorant feud
Many orphans) remain in our ward
Till some patriot its pure civic blood
Wipe away in the foe's and make good,
In delivering the land by the sword."

VII.

Then the King exclaimed, "This is for *me!*"
And he dashed out his sword on the hilt,
While his blue eye shot fire openly
And his heart overboiled till it spilt
A hot prayer,—"God, the rest as thou wilt!
But grant me this!—this is for *me!*"

VIII.

O Victor Emanuel, the King,
The sword be for *thee*, and the deed.
And nought for the alien, next spring,
Nought for Hapsburg and Bourbon agreed;
But, for us, a great Italy freed,
With a hero to head us, . . our King!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE LOST ONE FOUND.*

FOUNDATION FOR HOPE.

BY REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D.

LOST, not deserted! This is the description of character and state which I would consider. Much in the wanderer's condition, in his relation to God, and to his own welfare for ever, is sad, discouraging, but not hopeless. Does he deny himself lost? We are ready to appeal to him in the Lord's own words, "How canst thou say, I am not polluted? See thy way,—know what thou hast done,—hast thou not procured this unto thyself, in that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God?" Does he exclaim in his despondency, There is no hope? We entreat him to "behold and see what manner of love the Father hath bestowed." "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" These are the two points in his own condition to which we would direct his notice and his earnest thought. His present state as a wanderer in selfishness and sin, is ruin, absolute and entire so far as his own power and wisdom are concerned. But his condition is not desperate or completely outcast, because God has provided an abundant and all-sufficient relief. How could this blessed FOUNDATION FOR HOPE be more distinctly described than in the Lord's own illustration of his earnestness and love,—in the story of the Shepherd and his flock?

"The Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." The flock was his. The quiet and unwandering, and the most reckless and headstrong in their path of error, are equally his. The sheep though astray is never wild, or without an owner. And there is not a wandering youth to whom we may not carry the blessed message, "You are not your own,—you are bought with a price." Still is he pitied, borne with, and loved. Still is he remembered, sought, and desired. He may forget the Lord who bought him; that Lord can never forget him. And the divine mission of the Shepherd, and the divine message of that mission for him, are his salvation, and the means of his salvation, from the ruin which his wandering has brought. Would I bless the lost one, and make him a blessing,—would I recover him from his errors and debasement, and make him the instrument of recovering others,—turn his wayward life from a path of disappointment and despair, to a homeward road of hopefulness and peace,—what have I to do, but to persuade him to contemplate, believe, and accept that love which the Great Shepherd has for him? This life-giving story is to be told to him over and over again, till the facts which it proclaims become all his desire, as they are all his salvation. And when he has learned to love the story, as the history of his dearest friend, and of the blessed relation of that friend to himself, he will never be weary of listening to it, or desire to know anything in comparison with it.

How simply the Lord describes this wonderful work of mercy which is the foundation for our hope! Man was lost, and there was the *purpose* of salvation. The Shepherd left the ninety and nine, to go after that which was lost. It was the offering of himself to seek and to save the wanderer from the fold. He left the glory which he had before the world was, and came to earth. He took not on him the nature of angels, but the likeness of suffering men. The Divine mercy interposed redemption, in its promise and provisions, as soon as man had sinned,—and hope for the fallen, and restoration for the lost, gilded the dark condition of man with its promised accomplishment, until the fullness of the time had come.

There was the actual *undertaking* of this work of salvation in the personal manifestation of the Great Shepherd. He "went after that which was lost." This was the key to the wonders of his earthly life and walk. His object was fixed and simple. It was not a journey without an end; nor with any selfish personal end. It was with no waste of power, or indefinite employment of effort. He came to seek and save the lost, and every act and step in that wonderful life, was a part of the glorious design. This one answer furnishes the reply to every question of his purpose and plan. Why did he come to earth? Why was he born of woman? Why was he a suffering, sorrowing man? The one reply at every step, for every act and every trial, is the heavenly Shepherd seeks the wanderers from his fold. Yes, me he seeks. All this was done for each,—was done for me. And the life of Jesus is the history of the active, wonderful love of God for me,—rebellious, wandering, condemned.

There was *perseverance* in this work,—"Until he find it!" This expression covers the whole gracious history of the Savior's interposition,—those centuries of promises and prophecies proclaimed,—those years of self-denial, humiliation endured. I may follow him in all his toils and sympathies, in all his sufferings and pains,—and this one purpose is the end to be accomplished. "For the joy that was set before him, he endured the cross and despised the shame." He stayed for nothing. He pressed forward to the end. He had a baptism to receive, and a passover to fulfill,—and how was he straitened with the intense desire till it could be accomplished. For this he bowed beneath the anguish in the garden. For this he poured out his life upon the cross. For this he rose in triumphant acceptance from the tomb. For this all his wonderful redeeming work was done. The sacrifice was offered. The atonement was made. The offering was accepted. Man was redeemed. The Son of Man was glorified, and God was glorified in him.

There is then the *application* of this work. "When he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing." Thus this amazing love of the Divine Redeemer is brought into a direct personal contact with the soul that was lost. He finds his wanderer—he tells him of his condition—he warns him of his danger—he makes him fear the result—he announces the provided deliverance—he begs him to receive his great salvation—he teaches, he converts, he sanctifies, by his own Spirit, the great messenger of light and benefit. He makes us willing to go back; our affections and desires are aroused toward him; with infinite patience and tenderness, he lifts us from our weariness and despair, and carries us to his fold again. The wandering was in our own wayward folly. The journey back is all of grace, in this Shepherd's arms—who hath borne our guilt—finished our redemption—rejoices in our recovery—and makes his own work everlastingly effectual for us, by his own merit and sacrifice, and in us by his own Spirit and power.

This is the lost one's foundation for hope. Ah! what an hour it is, when the wanderer is made to see, to understand, to feel, and to embrace this glorious finished work of grace and mercy! How have I seen it giving life to the dead, joy to the depressed, light to the ignorant, peace to the doubting—and by the blessed illustrations of its Divine power confirming my own faith, and enlarging yet the more my own joy! How have these demonstrations of the Divine power displayed to me anew claims as the [illegible] God, and the wisdom of God for man's salvation. The Shepherd's love, the everlasting foundation,—the story of the Shepherd's love, the appointed instrument for hope to the lost!

A noble young man, an entire stranger to me, once sought my study in great darkness and distress of mind. He was educated, intelligent, and refined. His life of wandering had filled him with sorrow, and deep conviction of its misery and ruin overwhelmed him with distress. He told me the story of his darkness and his griefs. His way was hedged about, and he had no light and no comforter. The instruction he had received had thrown him upon ordinances, and efforts, and his own attainments. But all had been vain; his soul was in darkness still; and still sinking in despair. I heard his manly but mournful history. I said to him, Now listen to a simple exposition of the Gospel,—and I proclaimed, in a manner as concise as possible, his own absolutely lost and helpless condition, giving no hope,—the Savior's perfect work of substitution and atonement,—the full and complete salvation which he had provided,—the free and everlasting acceptance of the soul believing in him, as washed and pardoned therein. The story deeply touched his heart, and absorbed his interest and desires. His whole countenance showed that he embraced and rejoiced in the heavenly intelligence. I said to him then, "Now tell me, after this statement of a complete salvation, do you consider yourself a man *saved*, or a man *to be* saved?" He thought a moment and replied, "I do not see but I am saved—everything seems to me to have been done for me already." "Well, then, what has a saved man to do?" said I. "Nothing," he answered, "it seems to me, but to trust, to love, and be happy." "Surely," said I, "and that is the whole. To trust, to love, and to be happy, is the whole duty and privilege of the saved man." He burst into a flood of tears, and his manly form heaved with intense emotion. "Oh, excuse me," he said, "but never have I heard such intelligence before. It makes life completely a new thing to me." We had much further delightful conversation in this interview, when he left me,—a perfect illustration of the Savior's work and the Savior's words. "He laid it upon his shoulders rejoicing." "And when he cometh home, he saith, Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost." It was a scene of joy; and while we were rejoicing together below, who could doubt that Jesus and his angels were rejoicing together above? Life indeed had become a new thing to that young man. The tidings of complete redemption cheered, strengthened, and encouraged him as he went on his way, with the thankful assurance, "He *hath* saved me, and called me with an holy calling, not according to my works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given me in Christ Jesus, before the world began, but is now made manifest by the appearing of my Savior, Jesus Christ." And, surely, never was the assurance stronger in my mind, that the foundation for hope is in the wonderful and finished work of Christ alone. S. H. T.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. R. Richards, in the Clerk's Office of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

Boarding Place for Young Women.—At this season of the year there are always many young women coming to the city seeking employment at trades or as saleswomen in stores. Those who have no friends in the city often have great difficulty in finding comfortable boarding-houses at sufficiently low prices.

We take great pleasure in being able to direct such persons to a boarding-house recently opened under the direction of the Ladies' Christian Association, which is intended to be in every respect a Christian home. The house is No. 21 Amity place. It would be well for those who apply for board to bring a letter from their pastor. We give to this beneficent enterprise our warmest approval and good wishes.

D.D.'s in Olden Time.—In 1692 Rev. Increase Mather was presented by the Corporation and Overseers of Harvard College, over which he presided, with a Diploma of Doctor of Divinity. This was the first instance in which such a degree was conferred in British America. The next was seventy-nine years afterwards, in the case of Rev. Nathaniel Appleton of Cambridge.

The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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"COLUMBIA, THE LAND OF THE FREE."

BY HORACE GREELEY.

WHOEVER possesses that taste for antiquarian research that would induce him to delve among the rubbish of past political controversy, will find in our past and present Democratic National Platforms an unbroken series of assertions of the importance, the necessity, the urgency of the exercise of a preponderating influence by our Government over the independent states and countries holding the more southerly half of the American continent. Thus the Platform of 1844 commended "the reannexation of Texas" as one of "the great American measures, which this Convention recommends to the cordial support of the Democracy of the Union." The Platform of '48 affirmed the justice and expediency of the Mexican War; that of '52 reiterated that sentiment, but "*Resolved*, That we rejoice at the restoration of friendly relations with our sister republic of Mexico, and earnestly desire for her all the blessings and prosperity which we enjoy under republican institutions," etc.; while that of '56 (reaffirmed by both the recent Douglas and Breckinridge fragments of the Convention of 1860) declared that "our geographical and political position with reference to the other states of this continent, no less than the interest of our commerce and the development of our growing power, require that we should hold sacred the principles involved in the MONROE doctrine;" and with regard to the Isthmus of Darien, and the right of transit across it, "we can in no circumstances surrender our *preponderance* in the adjustment of all questions arising out of it." With reference to the filibuster Walker's raid, which was then filling Nicaragua and Costa Rica with misery, devastation, and carnage, the Convention further resolved that "the People of the United States cannot but sympathize with the efforts which are being made *by the People of Central America* to REGENERATE that portion of the continent;" and finally, "that the Democratic party will expect of the next [Buchanan's] Administration that every proper effort be made to insure our *ascendency* in the Gulf of Mexico," etc., etc. Such has been, according to the party's most authentic utterances, the great paramount object of our Foreign Policy, under Democratic auspices, for the last ten or fifteen years. What have been the *fruits* of that policy?

It is not very long since, under a very different rule, impelled by radically different impulses, these United States were regarded, from El Paso to Cape Horn, as the elder brother and natural head of the family of American Republics. The younger states asked us to meet them in friendly council at Panama within the memory of most of us; and, though that meeting was frustrated by European jealousy and intrigue, the spirit that dictated the invitation long survived the occasion which developed it. For a generation, our sister Republics on this continent regarded this confederacy with mingled affection, pride, and trust, and our citizens who traded to their ports or migrated to their soil were welcomed and confided in as brethren.

Now, all is changed. Our power is feared by our sister Republics and their people; but we are no longer loved nor trusted by them. Our superior skill British steam-boats now navigate their rivers to the exclusion of our own; British engineers work their mines and run their factories; British merchants supply them with fabrics; even native Spaniards, who were abhorred there a generation since, are now preferred to Americans. Our trade is thus curtailed by some millions per annum; while the political "preponderance" or "ascendency," so ardently desired, is wholly lost. There is not a Government between the Gila and Cape Horn which is the hearty friend of our own; not one in which our influence is paramount. The Argentine Confederation quarrels, dissolves, and recombines, without seeking or wishing our good offices; New Grenada and Peru exchange civilities with us, but do not seek our friendship; Mexico endures years of desolating anarchy, and, when at length she casts a despairing eye toward us, we respond to her appeal by proposals for further spoliation of her provinces, driving a Shylock bargain with a neighbor in the agony of death. It seems hardly possible for our diplomatists to negotiate a treaty with any other American country which is not promptly rejected either by the rulers of that country or by our own. Mexico in her death-agony appeals, not to us but to Europe, for a helping hand, and that hand is extended. Our power, throughout the countries south of us, is measured by the caliber of our cannon, the proximity and weight of our frowning batteries.

For this Union has caused itself to be regarded and dreaded as the King Stork of the American Republics. Our seizure and alienation of Texas; our invasion and partition of Mexico; our supercilious refusal to recognize the independence of Hayti; our intrigues for predominance in Dominica; our bullying expedition to Paraguay with its ridiculous finale; our open sympathy with and aid to William Walker's butcheries in Nicaragua; and, finally, the impunity wherewith this sanguinary pirate has been permitted to launch a new warlike expedition from our ports against the object of his cupidity and ambition—how could all these fail to make a deep impression on the mind of all Spanish America? Fear—dread—hate—detestation—such are the sentiments which our conduct as a people, our defiance of the most urgent requirements of good faith and good neighborhood, are calculated to inspire. And when it is known that the animating purpose of all these crimes against humanity is the lust of Slavery-extension, how could we hope to escape their abhorrence? Walker, in his recent account of his former bloody sojourn in Nicaragua, coolly avows the extension of Slavery to be his controlling purpose. And *The Mobile Register*—the leading Douglas organ in Alabama, edited by our late Embassador to Mexico, the son of one of Gen. Jackson's Secretaries of State—coolly says, on receipt of the tidings that Truxillo had been captured by Walker:

"It is difficult to overestimate the importance of this intelligence. The success of Walker we consider as of far more vital moment to the South than the suicidal claim for protection (to Slave Property in the Territories) which sets the brains of so many on fire, and serves so many others as a pretext to gratify their personal ambitions. No territory that we can acquire through the Federal Government can be of use to the South, and every friend of the South ought to resist such acquisitions. We have not negroes enough for our own use, much less to people new countries, and the slave-trade cannot be legally reopened for a good while yet. *But the establishment on our southern frontier of Slave-holding Republics, encouraging and legalizing the importation of Africans*, injures no established financial interest of our own, *and gives us natural allies who may, eventually, if deemed proper, be connected with us by closer ties. This is the true Southern policy*, and one well understood by those who have preserved their soberness of mind amid the senseless clamor which has caused so many of our people to go mad."

—And this "true Southern policy" is being relentlessly prosecuted. But for the special interest taken in him by the Slavery Propaganda, Walker could never again have fitted out a vessel, much less an expedition, after his exhibitions of incapacity and cruelty in Nicaragua during his stay there. No free-booter of any note ever before evinced so few qualities calculated to attract, with so many fitted to repel, assistance and co-operation, as he did during his former murderous foray. And now the fact that he has captured Truxillo, a city of Honduras—with which State he does not even pretend to have any quarrel—slaughtering fifteen or twenty of its inhabitants or defenders in the assault, is passed over as lightly by the American Press and People as though his victims had been noxious beasts. If his confederates still among us can raise another ship-load of recruits and munitions, they will be dispatched to his support with as little opposition as if they were bound to the Fishing Banks for mackerel. We have practically no Government—have had none for years—when the interests or lusts of Slavery require that we should have none.

Nor is this all. "Sir George Bickley, K.G.C.," or whatever his proper appellation may be, has for months been traversing the Slave States, organizing lodges and enlisting recruits for a grand foray on Mexico, with intent to "regenerate" her, after the Walker pattern. He pretends to have fifty thousand men enrolled and ready to start at tap of drum, but his finances are somewhat disordered, and his munitions consequently short. He, therefore, calls openly, through the newspapers, on all slaveholders to transmit him one dollar per head for each slave owned by them respectively—in all, a trifle of $4,000,000—to enable him to supply all deficiencies and launch his Knights upon Mexico in overwhelming—that is, regenerating—force. If the $4,000,000 shall be duly forthcoming, he stands ready to enlarge the area of American Slavery by the whole extent of Mexico, thereby intensifying the demand for and increasing the price of slaves in the States by at least $100 per head, or at the rate of $100 for every $1 supplied him—making the investment equal to a lucky venture in a run to and from the coast of Africa. But as Gen. Bickley's success is not a certainty, and as many have been bit by such adventurers ere now, it is probable that he will fall considerably short of his $4,000,000.

This day the United States stand before the civilized world convicted of covering and protecting the African Slave-trade, invading and ravaging neighboring Republics with intent to enlarge the area of Slaveholding and the power of Slavery, and seeking to bully an ancient ally out of her last considerable American possession in order to strengthen Slavery in Congress and in the Nation. The lust of manstealing has made our country a bad neighbor, an unfaithful ally, an object of dread to weaker Republics, and an obstacle to the progress of Humanity, Liberty, and Civilization. Shall not another year suffice to clear us of this deep reproach, this blasting infamy?

H. G.

THE LAST DAYS OF TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

A VISIT TO THE FORT DE JOUX.

BY JOHN BIGELOW.

[WE are glad to welcome this week a new contributor to *The Independent* in the person of the well-known Editor of *The New York Evening Post*. Mr. Bigelow is not only one of the most forcible and graceful writers connected with the New York Press, but one whose personal labors have in no small degree contributed to improve the literary ability, the political influence, and the moral tone of American journalism. Our readers may hereafter look for occasional papers in these columns from his pen.]

RETURNING to Paris by way of Lausanne from a hurried trip to Geneva last winter, I took the somewhat unusual route over the mountains to Pontarlier. I wanted to get a view, if possible, of Mont Blanc from the hights of the Jura; to become better acwhom of all the French I must admire, and, above all, to visit the famous Chateau de Joux, where Mirabeau was confined at the time he contracted his scandalous engagements with Madame de Monnier, the "Sophie" of his Vincennes correspondence, and where Toussaint L'Ouverture died, a victim to the treachery of the French Government and the severity of an Alpine climate. * * * *

As the diligence passed under the Fort de Joux, the chief object of my pilgrimage before reaching Pontarlier, I dismounted, allowing my baggage to go on to the *bureau de poste*. The fort, now more than seven centuries old, stands upon the very summit of a solid rock about five hundred feet high, which descends very abruptly on all sides, and by its position at a defile in the mountains, commands the approach from every direction. With three hundred men it was impregnable in former times, notwithstanding which, in consequence of its great value as a frontier fortification, it has changed hands more frequently than almost any fortress in France outside of Paris.

I found a small garrison at the fort, consisting mostly of soldiers just returned from Italy, who were lounging about in the last stages of disgust with the monotonous perch to which they were condemned. A chatty old woman, who acted as *concierge*, promptly responded to my request to visit the Castle, by running for her keys. She then led me over the portcullis, the ornaments of which showed that it was built before battle-axes and bows and arrows went out of fashion, into the court-yard where the Commandant resided. The first curiosity to which she invited my attention was the well of the Castle, dug through the solid rock, down to the level of the little river Orbe, which winds along the base of the hill, a depth of at least five hundred feet. My cicerone, to give me some idea of the depth of the well, threw in some stones, from which no sound or echo of any kind came up. This well was built for the use of the garrison during a siege, though in ordinary times they are supplied with water caught in cisterns. It has not been used for many centuries, if ever; the citadel, when it has changed hands, having generally been betrayed, or shared the fate of battles fought elsewhere.

The well was built, my guide told me—and her information I have confirmed from other sources—by the serfs and vassals of the feudal proprietor of the fort, in the ninth century. She lowered her voice when she added that multitudes who went down to work in its abysses never returned to the light of day. Indeed, the tradition is that they were told when they were sent to their work that they were not to return till it was finished. They were obliged to dig large recesses at regular and convenient distances in the sides of the pit, as their excavations progressed, and these were their homes during their frightful imprisonment, from which most were relieved only by death.

Of all the dreadful shapes which "man's inhumanity to man" has ever taken, there are few which feed the imagination with more fearful visions of misery and despair than were reflected from this dark, impenetrable mirror, framed five hundred feet deep in granite. When I considered that all the enormities of which this structure had been the occasion and the theater, were perpetrated in the quest of water, in all ages and countries the consecrated emblem of truth, I was struck for the thousandth time with the resemblance which runs through all the forms of human perversity.

While pondering the question whether France had gained any more substantial advantage from her endless and sanguinary ecclesiastical wars than from the sinking of this dismal pit, which the dews of heaven, that fall alike upon the unjust and the just, made superfluous, my guide led me to another part of the fort, where she showed me an opening like a closet in the wall, about three feet deep and high, and, perhaps, four feet long. Here, she informed me, Amaury, one of the earliest proprietors of the chateau, confined his wife, a young woman of only seventeen years, for infidelity to him during his absence with the Crusaders in the Holy Land in 1170. He hung her suspected paramour upon the mountain immediately opposite, and confined Bertha—that was her name—in this mural sepulcher, which was too small to admit of her standing erect or lying prostrate, or indeed of stretching her limbs in any direction. The only view of the outer world that she could get, was through a little window, cut so that she could see the remains of her lover dangling from a distant tree. After some ten years of indescribable misery, death released her from her prison and from her brutal jailer.

The good old woman who related this legend tearfully,—although I have no doubt she had told it a thousand times before,—gave great force to her denunciation of the cruel crusader by adding that, "after all, Bertha was innocent." I fear, however, that this was a slight rhetorical embellishment, which, as a woman and a sister, she felt at liberty to indulge me with, for I have since seen a historical sketch of Pontarlier and its neighborhood, made by M. Girod, the librarian of the city and a most diligent and faithful archivist, in which Bertha's frailty is conceded. This fact, however, does not in the least diminish the horror which such a monument of cruelty and brutality inspires in our day.

Crossing the court and passing along the gloomy corridor of stone, I was next led to a door which, as my companion proceeded to unfasten, she informed me was occupied by the "naygre." It was the dungeon of Toussaint, first called "L'Ouverture" by a French officer, because of his military prowess in opening the ranks of the English soldiers with his sword during some engagement. Though of African origin, and forty-eight years a slave, he took advantage of the revolutionary troubles in France, and subsequent hostilities between France and England, to make the blacks of St. Domingo independent, and himself President for life. Bonaparte, who approved of the lead he took in 'saving the colony from the English, was solicited to approve the action of the Central Assembly which made him President. Toussaint's letter bore the following somewhat memorable but not altogether conciliatory superscription, "The first of the blacks to the first of the whites." Bonaparte's answer was taken out by Leclerc, his brother-in-law, and thirty thousand of the best troops in France, who issued a proclamation apprising the islanders that the French General had been sent out as the first magistrate and captain-general of the colony. Toussaint bade him and his master defiance, set fire to the Cape, retired to the mountains, and resisted the invaders with such success that at the end of eight months Napoleon's brother-in-law had but three thousand effective men out of the thirty thousand that had landed with him. Finding it impossible to conquer Toussaint, Leclerc invited him to a conference, under the usual pledges for his safety, and when in his power, regardless of his own honor or that of his master, or of the nation so gravely compromised by his conduct, he hustled the too confiding negro on board of a ship and sent him to France. After a brief confinement in the Temple at Paris, Napoleon ordered him to the Fort de Joux. The room which he occupied, and to which I was now introduced, is some twenty-five or thirty feet long, by, say, twelve broad. There was a fire-place on one side near the middle, but no furniture of any kind. Its walls were all of stone, and arched with stone overhead. Near the ceiling one end was pierced by a [illegible] enough to keep the place sufficiently dry for habitation. On the mantel over the fire-place was the lower half of a skull, most of the brain-cover having been taken off, and resting on what remained, was the following *avis*, which my guide forbade my copying, as contrary to the orders of the commandant, and for a transcript of which, as for many other gratifying attentions, I was indebted to M. Girod, to whose archeological and historical labors I have already made allusion:

"Toussaint L'Ouverture, who effected the enfranchisement of the negroes of his country, and in the day of his prosperity designated himself as the Bonaparte of St. Domingo, and who wrote to Napoleon, 'The first of the blacks to the first of the whites,' terminated his career in this casement of the donjon of Fort de Joux. It is pretended that he answered an *aid-de-camp* of the First Consul, who came to ask him where he had concealed his treasures: 'Say to your master that I will die before he shall know anything from me.'

"The Chef de Bataillon Amiot, commandant of the Place du Fort de Joux, found him here in a corner of his fire-place struck with *apoplexie foudroyante*, the 17th Terminal, the year 11. Some days before his death he declared that he had buried 15,000,000 in the mountains by slaves whom he had destroyed."

I felt indignant at finding such a gross calumny as this upon the character of one of the bravest, and, according to his opportunities, one of the most remarkable men of his day, perpetrated by the authority of the Government; and when I was refused permission to take a copy of it, my inference was that those who placed it there knew that it was one of those lies that would not bear ventilation, and therefore kept it from the public, but left it to do what it could quietly to poison the minds of all who made the pilgrimage to his tomb. I was afterwards satisfied by M. Girod that I did the French Government injustice, at least in one respect, for he assures me that no orders to prevent copies being made of the paper on the mantel, had ever been given to the concierge.

It is a shame, however, for the Government to perpetuate such an absurd scandal upon the memory of Toussaint, as that he destroyed the slaves who helped him hide his treasures; for the story not only is supported by no evidence, but it lacks the first element of plausibility. That he may have said he had treasures buried in St. Domingo, and that he may have added, for the purpose of being sent back to find them, that there were no living witnesses of their burial, is not impossible; but it is preposterous to suppose that such a man as Toussaint would have perpetrated such a gratuitous crime, or, if he did, that he would have told of it, without any apparent motive.

This story to the prejudice of "the first of the blacks" is as unfounded as another which has been current ever since Toussaint's death, and which is generally credited in Hayti now; that he was poisoned by the orders of Napoleon, or at least upon the supposition that his speedy demise would gratify the Emperor. Even supposing there was some motive for getting Toussaint more completely out of the way than he was, which is hardly credible, the circumstances of his death are not matters of conjecture or suspicion, but of public record, and exempt the authorities of that day from any other responsibility for his sudden death than naturally attaches to his treacherous arrest and removal in mid-winter from the climate of the tropics, in which he was born and had lived sixty years, to a bleak Alpine region, more noted than any other in France for the severity of its winters.

The day after his death two physicans of Pontarlier made an official examination of his remains, and certified that he died of apoplexy and pleuro-pneumonia. Their certificate, or *procès verbal*, as it is termed, is filed among the archives of the Hotel de Ville in Pontarlier, from whence M. Girod was kind enough to procure for me a copy duly authenticated, under the seal of the Mayoralty of Pontarlier. As this certificate has never been in print, and as it finally disposes of a very painful suspicion which is still widely credited, I give it to you entire.

Copy of the Minutes of the Post-mortem Examination of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

We, the undersigned, Doctor in Medicine and Surgeon of the city of Pontarlier, pursuant to the invitation of citizen Amiot, Commandant of the Fort de Joux, and of Renaud, Justice of the Peace of the canton of Pontarlier, have gone to the said Fort de Joux, when, in their presence, we have proceeded to the opening and the examination of the body of the negro Toussaint L'Ouverture, prisoner, whose death yesterday we have verified.

POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION.

A little mucus mixed with blood in the mouth and on the lips, the left lateral sinus, the vessels of the *pia-mater* gorged with blood, serous effusion in the lateral ventricle same side, the choroid pleurus infiltrated and strewed with hydatides, the pleura adhering almost entirely to the substance of the lungs; sanguineous engorgement of the right lung, as well as of the pleura corresponding, but of a purulent nature in this viscera; a little fatty polypus in the right ventricle of the heart, which otherwise was in a natural state; emaciation of the epiploon—pathological state of this membrane such as it presents after a long sickness. The stomach, the intestines, the liver, the spleen, the veins, the bladder, exhibited no alteration.

In consequence, we declare that apoplexy, pleuro-pneumonia, are the causes of the death of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Made, and certified to be true, at the Fort de Joux, the 18th Terminal, An. XI. of the French Republic.

(Signed) TAVERNIER, Doctor of Medicine.
Surgeon-Major GRESSET.

Certified to conform with the original by us, the undersigned Secretary of the Mayoralty of Pontarlier.
Pontarlier, 5th December, 1859.
(Signed) JACQUIT, etc.

Through the kindness of M. Girod I was enabled to derive from the archives of Pontarlier some further particulars respecting Toussaint's condition and treatment during his confinement here, which seemed worthy of exhumation. They are embodied in documents, the originals of which I inspected, and of which I inclose to you copies.

The first simply acknowledges the notice sent to the Prefecture of the Department by the Sub-Prefect, that Touissant had arrived, and informs that functionary that the arrangements for the security of the prisoner are to be under the exclusive direction of the General in command of that division.

The second notifies the Prefect that the Minister of War had given orders that Toussaint should receive healthy and suitable food, and that he should be clothed suitably for the season, with the understanding that *he must not wear a general's uniform*.

The estimation in which their prisoner was held by the French Government, and the rigor of treatment to which they deemed it necessary to subject him, are revealed in the third letter from the Prefect of the Department to the Sub-Prefect at Pontarlier. The following extract from it might have been clipped, *mutatis mutandis*, from one of Governor Wise's heroic appeals to the chivalry of Virginia against John Brown:

"I recommend you," he writes, "not to lose sight of this important object. If any man imprisoned for the rest of his days, whatever the degree of his guilt, did not appeal to our humanity, I would say that this person, who is known only by his repeated perfidy, murders, pillage, incendiarism, and the most frightful cruelties, did not deserve any. But whatever be the opinion we ought to entertain of him, the orders of the Minister are precise. Toussaint must not see any person, nor must he be permitted to leave the chamber in which he is confined, under any pretext whatever. The guard of the fort should be set with the greatest exactness, and without the relaxation of vigilance. The General of Division only can modify the rigor of these orders, and I know he will not do it without being authorized by the Minister. The commandant must sleep at the fort, unless specially [illegible] upon his precise [illegible] access will be stricken off from the account."

The next letter, No. 4, was written immediately after receiving intelligence of Toussaint's death. In it the Prefect says:

"You will also please, on the receipt of this letter, make an inventory, in the presence of the *Commandant d'Armes*, of all the effects used by the prisoner, and sell them at auction to the highest bidder, after the customary notices. You will prepare a report of the sale for me, and remit the proceeds of it to the widow Benedict upon her receipt, deducting the sums due her for her supplies."

From these documents and the other inclosed, of which I will not trouble you with an analysis, it appears, if the facts are reported faithfully—

1st. That Toussaint was guarded with unusual, if not excessive, rigor, and that the view taken of his character and career at that time by the War Department, whose agent declared that if there was an exception to the rule that pity was due to the unfortunate, Toussaint was the exception, was very different from that which is taken of him now by the world, and indeed by the French themselves, who, through the mouth of the most inspired of their modern poets, have said of him, "*Cet homme est une nation*," and within fifty years after his cheerless death, accepted the lesson of his life by striking the chains off every slave held under a French title.

2d. They show that he was not poisoned, but that he died in all probability of a disease contracted in consequence of his involuntary removal to a colder and more intemperate climate than at his age—over sixty—his constitution, used to the warmth of the tropics, could endure.

3d. It appears that he was abundantly supplied with fuel and artificial light, for in two months these supplies cost one hundred and fifty-six francs, which, M. Girod assures me, is a very large allowance, for wood then was much cheaper, he says, than at the present day; and now several lights and two fires could be sustained six months for ordinary necessities at an expense not exceeding two hundred francs.

4th. That he had a servant for a while after his arrival, whether a negro or a Frenchman does not appear. From the general character of the instructions in reference to him, and in the absence of any special provision for the access to him of one of his own color, it is to be presumed that it was a Frenchman.

5th. That he was allowed to write and have some luxuries, such as nutmegs, sugar, bath, etc. These, I presume, came out of the four francs a day allowed him from the first for board, washing, and mending.

6th. It is apparent, unfortunately, suggests M. Girod, that the moderate sum of 1286f. 70c., which the effects supplied by the Government brought after only seven months' use, that his wardrobe was not probably supplied as it should have been for such a severe climate.

7th. And finally, it appears that a woman was provided to keep his apartment in order.

The order forbidding Toussaint to see any one not attached to the service of the garrison seems to have been unnecessarily rigorous, but it was probably aimed at Rigaud, Toussaint's ablest and most trusted aid in St. Domingo, who was captured very soon after his Chief, and sent to the Fort de Joux, where he remained until after Toussaint's death, when he was released. They never saw each other, though sleeping so near together, after they separated in St. Domingo.

Upon the walls of Toussaint's apartment I was surprised to find but one inscription from the hands of visitors; that was the name of Cataline Nau, a man whom I remember to have met at Port au Prince in 1854, where he discharged the functions of an Assistant Secretary of State, in the Department of Foreign Affairs, under Soulouque, and who had the credit, which I do not doubt he deserves, of having written the telling and statesmanlike dispatches of the Haytian Government in reply to the agents sent out by Fillmore and the English and French Governments many years ago, to compel the Emperor to acknowledge the independence of the Spanish or eastern part of the island. M. Nau is probably the only Haytian who has ever made this pious pilgrimage to the prison and tomb of the most renowned of African statesmen. M. Nau, I understand, died within the last year, much regretted by his countrymen, whose interests he carefully watched and tended during his life.

Toussaint's remains, consigned to a grave under the Chapel of the fort, were discovered by a captain of engineers in 1850. The top of his skull, which had probably been sawed off at the time of the *post-mortem* examination, and replaced, he deposited in the city library of Pontarlier, where it was shown me by M. Girod, and the rest of the head stands on the mantelpiece in the room where Toussaint was confined and died.

What I have to say of Mirabeau, while confined here, I reserve for another occasion. J. B.

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Sermons
BY
Henry Ward Beecher.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by J. H. Richards, in the Clerk's Office of the United States for the Southern District of New York.)

"Honor all men."—1 Pet. ii. 17.

There are some men whom we cannot but honor. Their endowments are rich; their uses of them noble. But to honor *all* men, would seem a task beyond performance. There be those whose life seems made up of qualities neither estimable nor honorable—vain men, proud men, selfish men, detestable men! And yet, there stands the injunction without a qualification, full, clear, imperative; and that there may be no mistake in the meaning, there is a connection which brings all the members of this sentence into one partnership. The whole verse reads:

"Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honor the king."

Reverence for kings was already universal. It was perhaps the strongest sentiment of the world. There existed next in force and universality an illiterate and superstitious reverence of God, or the Gods, according as true religion or as superstition reigned. Next stood social affections. Lowest and weakest in actual development was, as it still is, respect for mankind.

We must interpret the force of the beginning by the authority of the ending. Since the world began, the honoring of kings has been natural and easy. So are we to honor all men. These four great commands stand shoulder to shoulder: Fear God; love the Christian brotherhood; honor the king; honor all men.

As in the natural world not the things which the telescope reveals, or the things which the eye easily beholds upon the surface, are alone worthy of regard, but also the things which the microscope brings forth, the inexhaustible realm below the natural power of the eye, so in the Word of God the minute and almost hidden teachings, the tints and shades of moral color, excite in us full as much wonder and admiration as the larger and the grander truths. Many fail to realize how exquisitely the finer shades of goodness are depicted, and with what delicacy of stroke Christian character and duty are painted. The filling up of the Bible is as wonderful as the filling up of the natural world.

I propose to group together around about this central command, "Honor all men," many scattered teachings whose affinities unite them to it, that we may inform ourselves of the full measure of a duty almost unknown to many Christians, and scarcely more than suspected by the best.

Looking at man as a depository of Divine powers, as a creature coming from the hand of God, united to him by ties which bind him to God as a child is bound to its earthly parent, dwelling here but for a few preparatory years, then to be transplanted that he may find his full life in a higher sphere—the Bible teaches us to regard him as the chief work of God. For him all things were created. The earth is his nursery, his school-house, his laboratory, and his shop. All its powers are ministering servants to him. For his sake, it travels and revolves. All the animated creation find in him their appropriate head. He is chief; and, without man, the world would be unofficered. Stars and planets without an intelligent population, are but the outfields of the universe lying fallow.

We do not need to be taught that men eminent of skill, of prodigal wisdom, of ample goodness, men of gifts of genius, are noble specimens of God's work. We need no incitement to honor them. We make them heroes. We deify them. We compensate the admiration bestowed upon the few by a kind of contempt of common people. All the weakest of the race are robbed of respect that we may clothe with royalty the eminent few. There is nothing so much despised, nothing that has furnished so many words of obloquy, as the masses of mankind. It is taken for granted that men are to be measured, not by the nature which joins them to God and immortality, but by the faculties and attainments which are useful to civil society.

It is true that men are of different values in their civil relations. Men are of different worth to each other, to the family, and to the whole social economy. A stupid, heavy-footed clown, is not worth as much to husbandry as the hand and foot made nimble by intelligence. The unconscious immortal and the brawling savage is not worth to the state as much as the refined, the decorous, the patriotic citizen. And if there were no assured future, no immortality of faculties, men must be judged and ranked merely by their secular relations.

There *is* natural gradation among men. Lowest *is* matter, next appetites, then passions, higher yet affections, and highest creative intellect and luminous moral sentiments. Society in the main organizes itself on this order: They stand highest that represent the highest faculties most perfectly, and they are lowest that represent most nearly the animal and material elements of man. And it is inevitable, if man be thought of only as a creature of this life, that the poor, the ignorant, the rude, the undeveloped, being at the bottom, should be pressed down and made to bear up the structures which finer natures build.

Interpreted in the light of nature, the doctrine of human rights is nothing but the doctrine of relative potency. Nature favors the strong, and uses up the weak in their behalf. Nature knows no equality in fact. It is love, and justice, as a sentiment educated by love, that reveals a substantial equality among men, as members of a great brotherhood. For men are not, only, what they make themselves to appear here. As among seeds, some sprout quickly, and rush to the accomplishment of what they are, as some linger and grow slowly in all their earlier periods, and only with power at length, as some demand two summers, and others half a score of seasons, before they show their true nature, and fulfill their destiny; so men, seeds all, grow with different rapidities, and it is not safe nor right to measure the absolute worth of men by the different degrees of development to which they may have attained at any particular period.

As mere creatures of time, the masses of men are stripped of all honor, and of most of their rights. It is their immortality, it is the future power of their faculties, it is the divinity of their nature, that give them worth. Even the greatest men in life but faintly foretoken their full manhood, while all the lower grades and ranks give scarce a hint of what is in them. With what sublime simplicity is this announced in Revelation:

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God. Therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him."

The inherent rights of men, and the great doctrines of civil liberty, and the equality of the citizen before the law, are based upon these higher teachings of revelation.

It does not need that men should be worth to the state one as much as another, to give them rights. Man needs no charter of rights higher than that he came from God, and goes to God again. It is true that in forming a moral estimate of men as good or bad, just or unjust, holy or unrighteous, we must take into account their voluntary habits, and what use they have made of their faculties. As creatures of reward and punishment, without doubt God looks upon mankind and judges them according to the voluntary development of their powers. But in estimating the dignity of men, the volume and the vastness of their being, we are not to measure them by the use to which they have put themselves, but by the nature of those faculties which God gave them. Insphere man in the infinite realm, project him by the mighty power of his infinite Father, and then, moving along the ways of eternity; then, when ages have nourished him, and the full measure of Divine beneficence hath showered its seasons numberless upon him; then, when stars have worn out, and weary worlds have ceased their circuits; then, when God hath wrought out in full literature of wondrous wisdom the whole of that of which faculty and earthly life was but alphabetic—then, measure him if you can! It is from this foreseen and imagined destiny that we bring back a light to glorify the cheerless way of rude and unreplenished men.

We do not seek to ignore the essential coarseness, the brutal rudeness, of men untouched by civility and unrefined by religion, but we do say that a sacred spark dwells beneath and within all this rudeness, and that the lowest and the least man on earth has within him a range of faculty and an inevitable immortality which should redeem him from contempt, and make him an object of solicitous care and of earnest culture.

The lowest and least of men are regarded, in the Word of God, by reason of the equipment of faculties rare and exquisite, as infinitely important. That which God has put into man may never be educated and developed in this sphere; but once placed in him, it will never be taken out. And we may hope that if this life denies opportunity and motive for the development of every faculty in men, there yet shall be a chance for each and every one to evolve all that is in him in the life to come. He who gave the faculty, will yet give development. He who endowed man with a capital according to the greatness of his own wealth, will not suffer it to lie for ever locked up bearing no interest.

There is a great historical fact which has a direct bearing upon this question of man's dignity and worth. There are great differences of opinion and belief respecting Christ's mission. But upon the lowest scale the advent and life of Christ is a marvelous testimony of God's estimate of man. God so loved the world that he gave his Son to die for it. If we believe that he came from God, and revealed God's thoughts and feelings, that he came but as prophets come, that would reveal much. If we believe, higher than this, that the life, the sufferings, and the death of Christ had a vital connection with man's restoration to lost holiness, and development into righteousness; if, yet further, this dying Christ were not man, nor an angelic being, nor spirit most exalted, but very God, and coequal with the Father, how sublime and solemn then becomes the testimony of redemption! What must that creature be that could thus draw forth the soul of God? No mean and evanescent creature, no circumscribed and perishing nature, could have received such affection; but to God lies eternally in perspective not that which he is at any particular time able to exhibit, but all that has been committed to him, and all that is yet to be developed from it, is before God.

The death of the Lord Jesus Christ has given to the world God's thought of man with an emphasis which philosophizing can never destroy, which creeds can never smother, which the understanding of man can never estimate or measure.

To have been beloved by a great nature, is itself a title to fame. Who would not look upon Petrarch's Laura, or Dante's Beatrice, with an exquisite interest? What rare excellence should we presuppose in natures that had power upon such poet minds! There is no gift which can signify excellency like the bestowal of one's own heart. Do we not linger with a peculiar fondness over the memory of John more than of any other disciple, because the Master above all the rest loved him? A monarch may heap upon his favorites countless stores of wealth, and decorate them with every insignia. Chateaus, surrounded with costly grounds, filled with sumptuous furniture, embellished with treasures of art, excite in after times indignation or contempt for the minion or the mistress. But who ever passed the tomb of Abelard and Heloise in the ground of *Pere la Chaise*, without a heart-swell? There is no deep love which has not in it an element of solemnity. It moves through the soul as if it were an inspiration of God, and carries with it something of the awe and shadow of eternity. Nor can we see a heart overshadowed by this Divine element without a sense of its consecration. It is the heart that gives titles and dignities. It is the heart that crowns and ordains. It is love that makes us kings and priests one to another.

When in the light of this experience we consider the greatness of that love which beats in the heart of the eternal Father, what in the mighty recesses of his nature those pulses must be which beat with such agitation in ours, what solemn depths and wide circuits those impulses must have in him which swirl in such eddies and agitations in us, and what that mighty love must be poured abroad upon all the world—a love set to the magnitude and majesty of God, adequate to all the wants of all men of every age, through all time—a love overmastering sin, invincible, inexhaustible, pervading human life, and building it up in every element of immortality—how sacred does man become! From these high points, lifted above low and vulgar passions, above selfishness, and the mean measures of mere material value, the Christian philosopher must look down upon man with an unspeakable interest: not because he hath answered yet the ends of his creation, not because he hath yet learned to use the various implements stored in his being, not because the elements of character are yet well arranged and compactly builded; but because God has wonderfully endowed him, because God is working by nature and by grace in his development and reconstruction, because God has loved and still loves him, because God holds open for him the whole realm of immortality, and because there, freed from shackle, advanced beyond probation and discipline, he is to come to the full orb of his being, and the whole glory of his divine estate.

There can be nothing more a violation of the spirit of the Bible, of the law of God, of the feelings of Christ; nothing more an affront and offense before heaven, than feelings of contempt, bitterness, or hatred toward men. Even indifference and coldness are culpable. Sympathy with mankind is a universal duty. Christ taught us that every man is our neighbor. We are commanded as we have opportunity to do good unto all men. There should be an abiding disposition of benevolence out of which should spring incessant acts of kindness. When the waters of an open the vent, and it will gush forth with power and copiousness by its own native force. Even when it is not flowing, it is pressing and urging itself, and longing to flow. Left to itself, night and day it would gush. It must be hindered, it must be stopped, but it needs never to be solicited. There is a well-spring of love which God sinks in the human soul, which throbs without ceasing, and strives to give itself forth. From such a reservoir we need no slow-descending and heavy-rising bucket, we need no forcing-pump, nor instrument of power of any sort. It is his nature to rise up, to go out. The kindness is always there, always ready and waiting. Only opportunity is needed.

He who goes through life not caring for men, and only not hindering them, is not harmless. There is a debt which every man must pay, but which paying never cancels—the endless debt of love. To be sure, affection begins in the circle of our own kindred, and springs up more actively toward our neighbors and acquaintances; but there should be a state of such universal benevolence that no man, of any kindred or nation how foreign and strange from us soever, who shall come into our presence and not receive from us that kindly interest which is due him as a child of a common Father, and heir of a common destiny, the subject of common wants, perils, and sufferings.

There be many who think it necessary to their dignity to carry themselves among men with exclusiveness, warding off from contact with them all that do not belong to their circle. There is an undisguised contempt for men less favored than they; for the rude, the uneducated. Coarse epithets, and oftentimes bitter cursings, are rained down upon the laborious million. To violate a law of the land is acknowledged a great guilt, but to violate the law of God in the sanctity of his creatures, to use the whole disposition as an instrument of cursing, is more culpable than can be the violation of a human law. It is here that the qualities of guilt mount up in terrible proportion. Contempt of men because they are below us in society is a wickedness little understood. It is thought to be no sin, or but a trivial one. It is an offense against God and man and our own soul. Pride and its various forms of conceit and selfishness are a fruitful cause of all these numberless, nameless contempts which men feel for their fellow-men; and the duties which I shall explain will seem beauteous to love, but odious and contemptible to pride.

The spirit and the letter of Christianity require us habitually to regard man in his essentials, and not in his accidental relations. "Be ye of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate." To be of the same mind one toward another, is to have a feeling of community, a feeling of common universal sympathy; and we are expressly forbidden to do what every one in the proportion in which he is educated tends to do—to aspire to the exclusive association of those who have risen in the world by reason of the same privileges. They, too, are our brethren, who are undeveloped, unpolished; who perform the menial offices of life; who live narrowly upon slender means. At one blow this command demolishes the customs of the world. It is for the Christian to separate men from their external transient relations, and to behold them in those greater relations in which all men are alike. Our brethren are not above us, nor below us, but on the same level with us. All men are upon one platform and level who stand upon the redemption of Christ, who subsist upon the mercy and sympathy of God, who reach forward to immortality and glory equally and alike. The example of Christ ought to be deeply pondered. It stands in marked contrast with the habits of all classes of men in his time. He does not seem to have thought of men as they stand in societies grouped in classes, separated or united by various customs, nor even as they were separated and classed by the result of their moral conduct. He seems simply and quietly, but always, to have beheld them in their original and spiritual relations, to each other, to God, and to eternity. He approached men from a different point of view from that from which others started. He looked at them from a law of sympathy not ordinarily employed. His example teaches us that our thought is not to be, "Is this man educated? Does he stand high in social life? Is he strong? Is he acute? Is he skillful? Is he rich?" There is no evidence that these questions ever arose in the mind of Christ with reference to any human being. He looked at men in their higher and holier relations. They were the children of his Father. He was elder brother, and was not ashamed to call them brethren. They were destined to the same eternity which waited for him. They were all weak, vincible by temptation, in need of help, of instruction, of moral stimulus. Their poverty, their rudeness, was the accident. Their Divine nature was the characteristic element. That, by disadvantage, neglect, abuse, or other limitation, they had not developed themselves in all their qualities, was the misfortune of his transient life. That each of them bore an undying soul, coming from God, and returning thither an eternal and ever-expanding soul—this was their glorious prerogative. Christ gave to men the benefit of that dignity and power which was inherent in every one of them, in spite of any external position or disability. Men needed laws and institutions, but from the example of Christ we are led to infer that the Divine nature of the soul is in value higher than laws, and above all institutions. They needed civil governments and political economies, but men themselves in value transcend their governments and their political economies. Laws are but harness. The steed is more valuable than his harness. When Christ declared, "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," he laid down a principle broad as the human race, which has gone on since his day revolutionizing governments, more and more setting man above the instruments which are to serve him, but never to domineer over him.

How foolish it would be for a man to judge of trees in the nursery, or in the orchard and garden, as we are wont to judge of men! How foolish in selecting grapes to judge of their value by the trellis on which the vines are fastened; by the nature of the timber composing the stakes on which they are supported; by the quality of the bands by which they are tied to the stake that the wind may not shake them down! Men never select plants and trees with their eye fixed upon their external fastenings and conditions, but when they turn to that most wonderful creation of God, a human being, rare in faculty, illimitable in outreach, complex in intellectual faculties, rich in domestic affections, sublime in moral sentiments, a creature carrying a double nature of matter and of spirit in a double life—an earthly and a heavenly one—him they judge, not by these interior divine constituent elements, but by his garb, by his place in life, by the trade which he follows, by the merest transient connections which he forms.

This great Christian command sets men apart from all trades and avocations, from their positions in society, from the garb and the dress, from rank and class, from wealth and intelligence. To the Christian the question is no longer, "Is this man a mechanic, a day-laborer, a rude swain, an African, or Caucasian?" It is this: "Is he a *man*? Is God his Father? Is Christ his Redeemer? And is this body a ship, and the soul within a passenger, and heaven the port which it seeks?" I do not mean to say that there is no place in which it is right to regard men in their secular relations. For a man is also a creature of this world, an element of society, and has a secondary value as such; and it becomes necessary to discriminate between one man and another, to call some better and others worse, to put some higher and others in inferior station. The gradations of society are the legitimate and spontaneous outworkings of a real difference existing in men themselves. And in the play of human forces it is inevitable that men of truth should look at things as they are, and that in practical duties of life they should adjust their plans according to facts.

Therefore, in the appropriate duties of secular life, we not only may, but must, have a wise regard to men's relative value as earthly beings. The sin against which I earnestly caution you, however, is that of regarding men habitually and exclusively in these transient secular relations. Because in the duties of our physical life we are called constantly to deal with the material part of men, we should all the more guard ourselves from supposing that that is all, or the chiefest part of man, which relates to this world. And there ought to be for every man the benefit of his Divine origin, and of his immortal destiny. And because we are obliged to deal with men in ways which tend to lower them in our esteem, we should all the more lift them up into these higher spheres of vision, and by faith and imagination supply that which the senses tend to neglect.

I would that I could feel always as sometimes I feel. I have seen the time when I stood looking upon men reeling with drunkenness, until my very heart and soul melted within me. I have trembled in the presence of a man lost to self-respect, and overcome, and, as one dead, stretched as a brute by the wayside, with a sense of the augustness and grandeur of his nature, as I never did while beholding the vast cathedrals of Europe. Sometimes the dignity of man comes to us from the noble exercise of his powers, and sometimes with equal clearness from the abuse of them. Indeed, should some bombarding ball strike through the Vatican, and mutilate the fairest statues of antiquity, their exquisite beauty and worth would come home to us even more vividly from their fragments and ruin than from their original estate of symmetry. And so when I have seen men lost to self-respect, and sunk in degradation, I have measured them, not by their present condition, but by what I knew they ought to be. Nor is there any danger of exaggeration in this direction. Our dangers are that the pride of life, sympathy with custom and with the selfishness of society, will bear us to the other extreme. We are not in danger of an excessive use of spiritual rules of judgment.

are to be universally honored, regarded, loved. You are to honor, regard, and love your fellow-men, whether they are near or afar off; whether strangers to you or in intimate relations with you; whether your kindred, the members of your own household, or of nationalities different from yours. You are to do this without respect to the classifications of society, denying nothing because society denies it, refusing nothing because society refuses it. Every human being is in a sublime sense your fellow, your brother, deserving of regard, of help, of immediate and prolonged sympathy.

These teachings hit that almost universal feeling that our duties are chiefly owed to those connected with us, but that they do not extend to strangers and to those socially below us in life; or if to them at all, only casually, and in attenuated forms. If you will analyze your own feeling, or observe the conduct of your neighbors, you shall find that men admit themselves bound to be considerate, just, fair, patient, affectionate, toward those of their own household. To these kindness is a duty: toward all other men, a bounty. The greatest part of duty is supposed to have been performed when a man honors and loves the members of his own household. Respect toward those in the neighborhood; indifference toward all beyond this narrow circle; reserved toward strangers coming from we know not whither, and going we know not where; do them no harm—that is supposed to be the boundary line of duty. And God says, "Honor *all men*. Do good unto all men."

But how, then, shall I speak of the states of mind which even in most Christian communities obtain and continue toward those who are separated from us by some half-imaginary line of faith, of opinion, of party interest? I need not tell you, sorrowing, that even among worldly men there is nothing more bitter than the hatred of sects and churches. The direst jealousies and repugnances and hatreds exist, I need not tell you, in the ranks of political parties separated from each other only by the profession of a diff-rent method of doing the same thing. If it be true that in the universal church, in the very house of God, there is not only want of sympathy but the bitterest hatred between those of different faiths and orders, can we wonder that there are such hatreds of races in the world? It seems, sometimes, as if hating is the most consistent, natural, and universal trait in human nature. Certainly there has been nothing in the history of the world so constant and terribly omnipotent as the power of man to hate man.

It is scarcely needful to exhort men to sympathize with those of their own kind, or with those whom they recognize as superior to themselves. Our selfishness would inspire it in the one case, and our ambition in the other. Men are quite willing from a subordinate rank to reach up to and sympathize with men of superior stamp. The student will sympathize with the ripe scholar; the cadet with the veteran soldier; the clerk with the millionaire. If Humboldt should take us into his library, show us the maps which he has consulted, the works which he has written, spread before us specimens of his cabinet—rock, earth, plant—he would not need to crave our interest and sympathy. Among men of our own rank, who dress as we dress, who spread their board as we spread ours, who occupy themselves with the very things which engage our time and attention, we find no difficulty of sympathy. Are we merchants? We honor a man that can drive a smart bargain, because we do such things ourselves—or try to do them. If one understands how to build a splendid house; how to invest money to a good advantage; how to get rich by dealing in stocks, or by wide yet circumspect enterprise; how to enter into the hurly-burly of life, and make his way through all difficulties by the force of will and wisdom—if one is what we are ambitious to become, if we are not like him already, we find it easy to sympathize with him. But when at sundown the sweated laborer comes trudging weary from the field; when the blacksmith, smouched and grimed, stands cooling himself in the door while we drive past; when the subterranean collier emerges into our sphere; when men for ever stooping to the spade, back-bent in laying stone—delving, groping, toiling men, whose extreme necessities have consumed all their hours with hard work, leaving little leisure and no disposition for reading and improvement — when this great army, I say, that immensely populates the world, and represents nine-tenths of the whole race, are brought before us, how seldom do we find working in us the quick response of relationship. We thank God and bless ourselves that our lot was not like theirs. Where there is one man engaged in the things in which you take interest, there are a million of blood-bought men, eternal spirits, that are groping, yearning, longing, in the midst of scenes far below you. And what is the command of God to you with reference to these uncounted and innumerable ones? "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Honor all men."

You are to honor men in every element of their right feeling, in every essay which they make, however rude and incomplete, to develop beauty or goodness. If one comes to you with work performed for you—it may be the mere decoration of your saddle, or the burnishing of some tool; it may be a new latch or fastening for your door, more cunningly devised than hitherto; it may be a new line of color for your carriage or your bonnet—do not simply say, "It is right," and cast it from you as though it were unworthy of your notice. Honor him in that thing which he endeavored to do. His life ran into it. There is not a thing that one does, or tries to do well, that does not deserve your consideration, your thoughtful estimation, your honor. It is God that calls men, some to one sphere, and some to another. Each man is to interfuse the duties of that sphere with his very life-spirit, and you are to accept the deeds of men, not so much for what their sphere is worth, as for what their manliness is worth in any sphere. If one serves at your table, or stands at your range, in his own sphere honor him. If he is called in the providence of God to perform menial offices, remember the Master that girded himself with a towel and washed his disciples' feet, and know that as God can teach the world in the lowest function and office of helpful life, so man can teach and serve men in the lowest and most menial services. It is not the thing you do, but the spirit with which you do it, that marks worth or unworth. Take lessons of respect from those beneath you as well as from those above you. There is not a calling so low, nor an occupation so inferior, as to justify you in withholding honor from those engaged in them. God put them there, cherishes them there, daily thinks of them, and loves them there. For them comes up his sun. For them teem all his seasons. With ineffable tenderness, with affluence of mercies, God serves the lowest of his creatures upon earth. Once he laid down his life; he slept beneath all living things; but now yet more gloriously he employs that life undergirding therewith the lowest, the weakest, and the poorest, teaching us that it is divine to let down our powers and our mercies to those beneath us, rather than to exalt and lift them up to those around about us.

Moreover, it will do you good to go down, frequently and familiarly, to those that are beneath you. We become stiff and narrow by our selfishness; and we are inclined to judge of all things by their relation to us. Our sorrows, our joys, our whole lot in life, are misconceived. Even our thoughts revolve in the circuit of our own narrow experience. If we would wander more up and down among men, and see how the battle goes with them, we should not count our misfortunes so severe, nor our troubles so immedicable. We learn to bear what we see thousands enduring. We are less conceited of attainments which we find common among those below us. It is good for a man to bathe his heart in the whole ocean of being beneath him. Not the body comes up from the sea cleansed and cooled and refreshed and invigorated, more than our spirits from out of the stream of human life.

Do you esteem your privileges great because you can afford your children the opportunity of reading; because, setting them loose from home and toil, you can give them leisure and opportunity of traveling the world through? But one may explore Europe, torrid Egypt, and dilapidated Asia, and circumnavigate the globe, and yet come home to learn much that it concerns us to know of the poor slave at his door, of the pauper whose hovel touches our boundaries. There is as much to be learned, though of a different kind, from the world below you, as there is from above you, among men. And although aspiration may be rewarded in those that are your superiors, sympathy, compassion, humility, humanity, will be better learned beneath you. Even if you bow before a fellow-man, and he is beneath you, you are bowing before a monarch, if you remember that something of God is in him. You cannot honor yourselves more than by honoring even the lowest and the least of our dear God's children.

Do not criticise men's callings; do not measure between one and another; especially disarm yourselves of that infernal tendency to make men discontented in their various avocations, by comparing them unfavorably with your own. Arrogate nothing to yourselves or to your sphere. Avoid carrying yourselves in such a way that men shall feel hurt by the shadow which you throw across them by the snuff of pride, or the chill of indifference. Do not regard those things only as honorable which custom has made so; which the notions of men, beginning in selfishness and baptized in corruption, have called honorable.

But listen, now, to a thing even more difficult than that of which I have been speaking—namely, the command of God recorded in the twenty-first verse of the fifth chapter of Ephesians: "Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God." I have commanded you to go down to men below you, and to honor all men, without regard to earthly distinctions; but the Word of God goes further, and commands you to submit yourselves to them. Of course this includes the rules under which men have been accustomed to make; but this is not the whole of it, nor the peculiarity of it. It teaches us the duty of always yielding ourselves easily to the influence of other men's minds without compulsion, and as a voluntary tribute of affection toward them, as a part of that free-will offering which love is to inspire between man and man. Let an ignorant man instruct you if in anything he can. Let a man influence you who is not of your class. In some things let those who are socially beneath you lead you, and have their way, as you in others have your way. Of course you are not always to submit to them and follow them; nor are you to submit to them and follow them in all things. The scope of this command cannot be precisely laid down. Love only can make it plain when and how much we are to yield one to another. Love is philosopher-in-chief, and knows all things with unerring wisdom. The act of submission of a great soul in the spirit of love to one beneath him is beautiful. The letting of one inferior to you rule you for the time being is a sweet thing between man and man. Let human life be in many things as a nursery. There the mother permits her dearly beloved child to take every sweet liberty with her; to lay its hand upon her head or cheek at its will; to part her curls; to dishevel her hair; to take her by the willing hand and lead her as though the child were a giant, and the mother were a pigmy. There the father holds willing conversation with the little child, answering its simple questions; and, as its little mind turns itself in every possible direction, the father suits his answers to its ten thousand whims and caprices and curiosities. And in the wondrous hour of love and love's leisure, the child is master of the parents, and turns them as it will.

You may better, perhaps, understand the spirit of this command by observing the natures that represent the opposite spirit. You shall every day meet men not merely independent, self-poised, self-reliant, but hard, inaccessible; who are no more moved by the feelings, the sympathies, and the sentiments of those around them, than ice-mountains are melted by the waters of the Polar Sea. It is their instinct to resist impressions, and repel them. They take no counsel, they permit no advice, they will need no expostulation, they will yield to no persuasion, they will believe no argument. What they think, they determine; and when once they have determined, wisely or unwisely, they are inflexible, unchangeable. What stone-men would be walking up and down among fleshly men, unelastic, hard, bruising all whom they touched, themselves undented and unmellowed—such are these. To all such the Word of God declares that the wisdom which is from above is easy to be entreated. Again and again, and royally often, God manifests his willingness to be entreated, as evidence of his supreme civility.

We do not teach that one is to remit duty, to change his convictions, to yield his judgment on important things, and especially moral judgments, merely for the entreaty of those about him. But every hour of every day is filled with minor offices which may be employed either for *our* gratification or that of others; and in all these morally indifferent things, it should be easy for us to relinquish our own preferences in favor of others' happiness.

There is a command even yet more difficult: "In honor preferring one another." This is contained in the twelfth chapter of Romans, and the tenth verse. It enjoins an honest desire, springing from unfeigned sympathy with others' welfare, to see them put forward in life instead of yourself. There be some to whom other men's advancement is always a fret and a burden. There is a spirit of selfishness which leads envious and covetous natures to esteem another's good so much detraction from their own. This is an admirable illustration of the nature of benevolence by its converse. A truly benevolent mind is made happy at the prospect of another's good. A mind which is made miserable by another's benefit, is truly malevolent. The father covets nothing from the son. She must be a miserable mother that is jealous of a daughter. Nay, in the mother's heart there is a glow of triumph, suppress it as she may, as the child's beauty rises on the one side to take the place of the beauty that is sinking on the other. As one star goes below the horizon, its last rays of light are cast in cheer toward the star that comes from the other. Fathers' and mothers' hearts do these glorious things spontaneously, and teach us how easy for those that love are the most recondite and apparently impossible Christian graces.

How ill could human life in the family, in the store, in the shop, in professions, whether in art or literature, in public affairs, in the rounds of benevolence, in the very church itself, bear the application of this test. It is impossible for selfishness in honor to prefer another. It is impossible for love not to do it. And when the Bible prescribes Christian graces, it always implies love as the motive power; as when we speak of rearing harvests it is always implied that there is a soil. Without love there is no soil for any Christian grace. If there be little of it, the fruit of Christian feeling will be poor and scant. If there be much, there will be great fruit, and easily grown. All things are easy to love. It tames all passions, inspires all affections, feeds every generous sentiment, gives both softness and potency as its needs require to the will, makes the understanding luminous, and by making the whole man like God, makes it easy for him to be godlike to his fellow-men.

1. Civil society is the natural state of man. Its laws, institutions, and various processes, are only the instruments by which it serves men. It is wrong to speak of society as artificial. No man could be developed in a solitary condition. His nature and faculties require that he should be reared in the complex relations of human society. Only in this state can he know the higher, the finer activities of his nature. Simple and uncompounded actions and motives belong to the lower animals. Man has a large scale of faculties, with a tendency to infinite combinations in their action. He is bound to find their highest development in subtle complexities, in numberless partnerships and antagonisms of faculties. When a man is fully educated, and all his faculties are susceptible to every truth, to almost every truth of fact or relation, there will be the report, in each case of activity, of many parts of his mind. And a final judgment must always be an adjustment and balancing of many faculties. The condition of society is just that best calculated to educate man to his higher complex life. The variety of its duties, the almost uncountable relations which he sustains, the motives which spring from necessities, duties, pleasures; the endless excitements, trials, and tasks, are the indispensable instruments of his growth and completion.

It is often said that men must give up many of their rights for the good of society. This is a very partial and misleading statement. Beings who are influenced by motives springing from appetites, passions, affections, sentiments, tastes, and judgments, cannot, in the nature of things, incline in any direction of choice, without relinquishing or denying the solicitation of some impulse or wish. To secure higher good, often implies the sacrifice of lower. We sacrifice bodily ease, tranquillity of mind, and sensuous pleasure, to-day, that we may attain, in later years, honorable position, good repute, and affluence. Then, when these are attained, they bring to us again the very elements which we first sacrificed.

Considered simply in reference to himself, every man gives up conflicting lower ends for the sake of higher. The same necessity rules in the family state. Each member gives up, that he may have the more. In each voluntary partnership, in all the neighborhood groups into which populations naturally divide themselves, in every combination of business or pleasure, men relinquish some things, as the means of obtaining more and better things. And it is only following out this law, when, in the civil state, men yield some rights and conveniences for the sake of other and greater ones. The man receives from society a thousand-fold more than he yields up to it. The reason of this necessity of giving up one faculty for the sake of another, is found in the fact that man develops from the lower part of his nature upward toward the higher. He then comes into the possession of himself, as an animal, as a being related to the material world; and it is by successive and later stages that he reaches that part of his nature which is moral and divine. Could man begin first with moral feelings strongest, and work downward toward a gradually developing physical nature, it would be found that the higher faculties include all the normal operations of the lower. But the lower faculties do not include in their action the best activities of the higher. And so it comes to pass that in the order of growth established by God, we learn first and most the action of those faculties which do not include the harmony of the moral faculties, which are perpetually running against them, and which must needs be in time disciplined and curbed, and made obedient to the augmenting power of our higher nature.

Society, then, is the soil out of which man grows. It is set not to circumscribe and diminish the individual, but to augment and enrich him. This idea of society gives not only dignity and authority to it, but furnishes a just criterion of criticism and judgment. Society is not master; still less despot: it is servant. It is good when it rears men to greater strength and goodness. It is poor when it fails to do it. It is bad when it hinders men; restrains their development. It is malignant and detestable when it degrades, degenerates, and brutifies its subjects.

2. The spirit of the Gospel is violated whenever there grows up a warmer sympathy for men's institutions than for men themselves. Laws, ordinances, governments, institutions, are not superior to the citizen. It being once granted that civil or ecclesiastical institutions are necessary to men, those who administer them become excessively addicted to them. They become adulators and idolaters of law. Everything may perish, but laws must survive! Moral integrity may be sacrificed, human rights invaded, human nature debased, aspirations repressed, growth in manliness and liberty [illegible] all, but laws must be upheld! Institutions are supposed to be temples of Divinity. Laws are venerated as the representations of Divine will. They are thought to be more sacred than the welfare of individuals. Better that generations perish than that laws be weakened or pass away! This is the most stupid of idolatries, and the most heathen of philosophies. It is directly opposed to the spirit of Christ, and to his explicit teachings.

Among no people was there ever a greater reverence of institution, custom, and observances, than among the Jews. They worshiped society. They revered its institutions. They were unfeeling and heartless toward the mass of citizens. When our Savior on the Sabbath day healed a man of grievous infirmity, not one sympathy moved in joy for him; not one enthusiasm of gladness seized them, that his long suffering was ended, that his future life was now to be enlarged, sweetened, dignified. The only effect which the miracle produced was that of horror for the violation of the Sabbath day. It was then that Jesus spake forth the royally the sublime declaration, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath!" That sentence is passed upon every usage, custom, law, government, church, or institution. Man is higher than them all. Not one of them but may be changed, broken, or put away, if the good of any man require it. Only, it must be his higher good, his virtue, his manhood, his purity and truth, his life and progress, and not his mere capricious material interests. Governments that wax strong while the citizens grow weak; societies that are incumbered with rigid customs and inflexible laws, among which and over which men must stumble, are not of God, but against him. Whatever thing hinders the true growth of man into the normal use of all his faculties, is man's adversary and God's enemy! If society and its governments stand in the way of the progress of men, they are to be attacked and changed.

3. The worst infidelity of every age has been that which made the worship of God to be a substitute for humanity toward man; or which cruelly neglected or abused men in the service of religion! Men have been cruelly sacrificed to the supposed sacredness sometimes of religious ideas; to the philosophies of religion; to religious rites and usages; to religious forms and governments; and to religious personages even. It being once admitted that these things are useful, they have been advanced to supremacy, and men brought into inferiority. It has thenceforth been thought less an evil that human beings should waste away, than that theologies, philosophies, systems, and religious worships, should be restrained or abolished.

God unites worship and humanity. The duties which we owe to God imply and carry with them the duties toward men. The duty which we owe to men cannot be rightly performed except united to a reverential spirit. *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart*, and *thy neighbor as thyself*. That conjunctive particle is a rivet that holds these two sentences together inseparably. Each element is necessary to the completion of the other. But men turn the feint of Solomon to a reality, and cut in two these vital members of the one life. Thus we have devout men, full of religiousness, but caring little for their fellow-men; while over against them are superficial philanthropists, full of fussy zeal for humanity, without love for God, or solemn depth of reverential sentiments. But of two bad things this last is least evil. It is worse to be careless or cruel toward men, through excessive addiction to God, and spiritual dreamy reveries, than to be atheistic, yet humane and generous. It was at this that the apostle aimed, in saying, "If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from him, That he who loveth God loveth his brother also."

I. While many men are fearful of offending God by some displeasing act of negligence, by some affront of word, by some flagrant disobedience, or by some contempt of his person, dignity, or authority, they are utterly heedless of that sin against God which they commit whenever they injure any of his creatures. God is lifted up infinitely above the reach of malice or of harm. What are our thoughts that rise up against him, more than vapors and mists? Will the sun care if from every low and dank morass vaporous armies arise to war against him? What time he chooses to look long upon them, they are consumed in his heat. But the children of God dwell in these lower earths. They are subject to affront, to wrong, to injuries which limit the present, and almost expunge the future.

And if earthly analogies may at all guide us, there can be no more direct and offensive assault upon God than through his children. A man may draw near to my dwelling to rail at me; may assault my reputation; may lie in wait and plot against my secular prosperity; may overreach me in the market, and hinder me upon the roads of life; may steal from my substance, and mar my enterprise; but he has not yet reached *me*. But let him sully the name of my child, and clothe her with ignominy before the community, and all the globe, were it a ball of fire, would not be hot or vast enough to express the indignation I should feel. Through my child he has reached me.

The feeling of justice is terrible when stirred up in us in our own behalf; but we never know the full power of the feeling until it is stirred in us in behalf of others. I have never felt such indignation in my own behalf as I have for the weak, for the poor, for the enslaved. When great wrongs fall upon them that are ready to perish in their helplessness, the soul is like Mount Sinai, and its thunderings and lightnings are full terrible! What, then, may we suppose to be the indignation of Almighty God, who carries in his heart the well-being of every living creature, when he beholds the numberless torments and wrongs inflicted upon them? What must be the grandeur of that experience of Love-wrath, (such as mothers feel, such as stirs fathers, such as raises lovers for their imperiled ones to the fiery zeal of heroes,) when it exists, not in the small circle of a human soul, with fitful impulses, but in the great rounds and deeps of the Divine nature, with calm intensity, with unchangeable fervor, and with infinite outreachings of power!

We would not have men esteem sins less guilty than they now think them, but even more culpable, which they commit against laws, magistrates, and religion; but we would have them believe that even more guilty than these are the sins committed against their fellow-men. God

Religious Intelligence.

CONGREGATIONAL.

KANSAS—WYANDOTTE.—The First Congregational church of this place dedicated their new house of worship on the evening of August 1st. The prayers were offered by Rev. L. B. Dennis of Lawrence and Rev. S. D. Storrs of Quindaro; Selections from Scripture were read by Rev. G. W. Paddock; a Hymn by Rev. M. Hummer; and an able and interesting discourse was preached by Rev. R. Cordley of Lawrence.

The house is thirty-two by fifty feet, with a neat spire, and will comfortably seat 250 persons. Its cost has been about $2,100, and, what is a rare thing for the West, it has been erected without care or anxiety to the pastor.

From a history of the church read by the pastor, Rev. R. D. Parker, I condense the following facts: This church is one of the fruits of the labors of the Andover "Kansas Band" of 1857. It was organized by Rev. S. D. STORRS of Quindaro, on the 18th of July, 1858, and he supplied both it and the Quindaro church until October, 1859, when the present pastor accepted the call of the church.

The membership has increased, in two years, from twelve to thirty-two, and the congregation from twenty to one hundred. Driven by the inconveniences of a new settlement, the church have changed their place of worship six times. On account of the financial pressure, produced in part by the refusal of Congress to admit Kansas, they were unable to build without help; and at their request, Dea. Samuel Crosby spent the summer of 1859 in New York and New England soliciting funds, and he was almost everywhere met with sympathy and substantial aid. Through this liberality of Eastern friends and the promised assistance of the Congregational Union, the church were encouraged to begin, in the spring of the present year, this edifice, which is now finished, and, with the ground upon which it stands, *paid for*, and the church is out of debt.

They feel that they are indebted for this comfortable house, in which they may gather with their wives and their little ones to worship, under God, to the Congregational Union and those Christian friends who have devised in their hearts liberal things.

Would that the blessed work of the Congregational Union was better understood by all our churches.

It is a fit companion of the Home Missionary Society; giving perpetuity to its labors. It is the multiplying cruse into which the widow's oil is poured.

Thus another standard for righteousness and right is erected on the battle-ground of freedom, and here at the bend of the river we will try to "keep a sharp elbow" against slavery and sin. R. D. P.

EPISCOPAL.

ENGLAND.—The vacancy in the Vicarage of Doncaster, caused by the death of the late incumbent, has been filled up by the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Vaughan, late head master of Harrow School, who recently declined the bishopric of Rochester. Dr. Vaughan, before his appointment to Harrow, was a working clergyman. He is said to be a gentleman of an amiable disposition, and has given proofs of the possession of a liberal spirit.

CHURCH ENCROACHMENT.—We desire to direct attention to the full and lucid statement made last night by the Earl of Chichester in the House of Lords respecting the increase of the salary of the Dean of York from one to two thousand a year, in violation of the understanding on which the present Dean was appointed. The facts attending that augmentation are now established beyond dispute, and it will be impossible for any one to deny that they establish and constitute a gross breach of faith. Dean Duncombe was appointed in preference to more distinguished men because the salary was only a thousand a year. He has not been Dean more than two years before his salary was doubled, not, as we stated on Saturday, and as we feel bound to repeat, on his application, but by the determination of certain members, chiefly Episcopal, of the Ecclesiastical Commission, to carve prizes out of the property of the Church.—*London Daily News.*

MISSION IN SOUTH AFRICA.—The S. P. G. held a meeting on the 26th ult., the Archbishop of Canterbury presiding. On motion of the Bishop of Oxford, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the Bishop of Cape Town, as Metropolitan of the South African Church, be informed that the Society is willing, in conformity with its resolution of 15th of April, 1859, to appropriate out of the sum then reserved, £300 per annum toward the support of a bishop for territories lying beyond HER MAJESTY'S dominions there; if and so soon as the Bishop of Cape Town shall inform the Society that he and the majority of his suffragans are convinced that the proper time is come to send a bishop in such territories."

As soon as the official recognition of the Bishop of Cape Town and his suffragans of the propriety of such a bishopric can be obtained, Rev. Charles Mackenzie, M.A., late Archdeacon of Natal, (who is now in England,) will be consecrated to the bishopric. In this connection, we note that a meeting was held in Aylesbury on the 24th of July, in behalf of the Central South African Mission. Archdeacon Bickersteth presided, and Archdeacon Mackenzie spoke at considerable length; he gave a highly interesting sketch of the work to which he is about to devote himself, illustrating his address with a map of South Africa, and some beautifully executed drawings of the Shirwa district. A liberal collection was made in behalf of this interesting mission.

NEW ZEALAND.—On Sunday morning, the 4th of March, a ceremony of a very interesting nature took place at St. Paul's church. The Right Rev. Bishop of New Zealand, assisted by the venerable Archdeacon Kissling and Rev. B. Ashwell, consecrated three natives as deacons in the Church, viz.: Pirimona (Philemon) Karari, who had worked under Bishop Selwyn and Archdeacon Kissling for sixteen years, at St. John's College, and at the Native Institution; Hetu Tarawhiti, M.A. Ashwell's head teacher, who had labored for twelve years; and Hohua, (Joshua,) who had been under Archdeacon Maunsell for about the same length of time. The Bishop delivered a most impressive sermon, one very appropriate to the occasion. He made a comparison between the early state of Britain and that of New Zealand at the present time, and drew a striking picture of the deep ignorance, barbarism, and superstitions of our ancestors—that in which the now formerly inhabited the country that now occupies the first position in the world. While pointing out the many blessings and privileges enjoyed by England, the Bishop reminded his hearers of the deep responsibility that rested upon our favored nation. He censured the conduct of those who, presuming upon the advantages of civilization, permitted themselves to act toward the natives of this country in a manner unworthy of civilized men, and unbefitting the calling of a Christian. The Englishman might, by neglecting the cultivation of Christian graces, become lower than the New Zealander, and on the other hand the New Zealander, by embracing the Gospel invitation, might reach a standard of excellence higher than that of his more enlightened fellow-men. The native who had been appointed to read the Epistle, did so with a distinctness and correctness of utterance that evidenced careful training, and afforded much encouragement as to the capability of the New Zealander for acquiring the English pronunciation. At the offertory a considerable sum was collected. The church was well filled, and extra benches and chairs were required to accommodate all.—*The New Zealander.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

DEBT OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.—The debt of the A. B. C. F. M., in behalf of which special efforts have been made, is provided for within about $2,000. This sum is a portion of the amount which was assumed by the friends of the Board in this city. The undersigned, as a committee having the matter in charge, have been unable to see, personally, many who, as they suppose, wish to aid this good work; and they respectfully ask that, without personal solicitation, contributions or pledges be sent to either of them without delay, as the time has arrived for closing the account.

A. R. WETMORE,
WM. E. DODGE,
O. E. WOOD.

New York, Aug. 21, 1860.

THE SYRIAN RELIEF FUND.—The owners of the British steamer Euphrosyne have placed her at the disposal of the Relief Committee. She will sail from Liverpool on August 10th for Beyrout, and will convey to the British Consul donations freight free. The Queen and the Prince Consort have headed the list with subscriptions of £200 and £100, and numerous larger amounts are given by private individuals.—*London Post.*

INTOLERANCE IN GERMANY.—The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel having announced, by printed bills, his intention to hold divine service on the 29th ult., in the saloon of the Frankfort Hotel, in Homburg, a large assemblage attended at the place of meeting. They were met by a printed notice from the Government that the service was not to take place.—*Court Journal.* [Homburg is one of the German watering-places in which the gaming-tables are officially sanctioned by Government.]

EFFECT OF PERSECUTION.—Some time since quite a number of persons at Rahuri, a village twenty-five miles north from Ahmednuggur, embraced Christianity. The villagers, with their own village officers at the head, set upon them and gave them a severe beating. The English magistrate, after careful investigation, punished the leader severely. Some were heavily fined, some were imprisoned for a month. The affair will result in good. Already several baptisms have taken place in that vicinity.

ARRIVAL OF MISSIONARIES FROM SYRIA.—Rev. Mr and Mrs. Bird of Deir-el-Kamar, and Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Eldy of Sidon, arrived at this port in the steamer Edinburgh, and have left to join their friends, whose anxieties for their safety are thus happily relieved. These missionaries have been in the midst of the horrible massacres, but were preserved through the same kind providence which protected all the mission families from this country.

Rev. Dwight W. Marsh, of Mosul, arrived in the steamer Etna, and in company with him Mr. Edward K. Goodell, youngest son of Rev. Dr. Goodell of Constantinople, who comes to this country to complete his education.

MINISTERIAL AND CHURCH REGISTER.

BARD—Mr. George I. Bard of Andover Theological Seminary, has accepted a call from the Congregational church in Waterford, Vt.

BOYD—Rev. James R. Boyd, having resigned his connection with the Young Ladies' Institute, Pittsfield, Mass., presents correspondents, for a few weeks, to direct letters to Sackett's Harbor, N. Y.

CARR—Rev. S. J. Carr has recently resigned the pastoral charge of the First Baptist church in Somerset, to take effect in September.

EDDY—Rev. Zachary Eddy, D.D., has declined the call of the Park church, Newark, N. J., and will remain at Bridgehampton.

FORMAN—Rev. Ezekiel Forman has been called to become pastor of the church in Glasgow, Ky.

GAGE—Rev. Wm. L. Gage, our recent foreign correspondent "Gyasticute," has accepted a call from the church of Portsmouth, N. H. Mr. Gage will be the seventh pastor of that strong and ancient church.

JOSSELYN—Rev. Caleb B. Josselyn has accepted a call to settle over the Unitarian society in Malden.

LOCKWOOD—Rev. D. T. Lockwood, late of Henrietta, N. Y., has accepted a call from the church at Akron, Erie co., N. Y., to become their pastor.

LOGAN—Rev. J. V. Logan, son of the late Rev. James H. Logan, and a member of the last graduating class at Danville, has received and accepted a call to become the pastor of the church in Harrodsburg, Ky.

PERKINS—Rev. F. T. Perkins has accepted the call of the First church of Christ in Galesburg, Ill., and will enter upon his new duties about the 1st of October.

PHILLIPS—Rev. J. M. Phillips has resigned the pastorate of the Second Baptist church in Mystic, Ct.

ROOT—Rev. L. I. Root was this week installed pastor of the Presbyterian church at Ionia.

SHEPPARD—Mr. N. Sheppard, graduate of Rochester Theological Seminary, has received a unanimous call from the Tremont Temple Baptist church, Boston.

WARD—Mr. M. L. Ward, a graduate of Madison University, who has taught in Virginia for two years past, has become Assistant Teacher in the Delaware Literary Institute, at Franklin, N. Y.

WHITE—Hon. Joseph White of Williamstown, has been appointed Secretary of the Board of Education, in place of EX-Governor Boutwell.

WHITING—Mr. Wm. E. Whiting has been appointed Assistant Treasurer of the American Missionary Association, and has entered upon the duties of the office.

Literary Record.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HODGE—"Outlines of Theology." By Rev. A. Alexander Hodge, pastor of the Presbyterian church, Fredericksburg, Virginia. 8vo, pp. 522. Published by Robert Carter & Brothers, 531 Broadway. The first sentence of the Preface reads as follows:

"In introducing this book to the reader, I have only a single word to say upon two points: First, as to the uses which I regard this form of exhibiting theological truth as being specially qualified to subserve; and, secondly, as to the sources from which I have drawn the materials composing these 'outlines.'"

M'CLELLAND—"A Brief Treatise on the Canon and Interpretation of the Holy Scriptures; for the special benefit of Junior Theological Students, but intended also for Private Christians in general." By Alex. M'Clelland, D.D., Prof. Bib. Lit. in Theol. Sem. at New Brunswick. 12mo, pp. 336. Published by Carter & Brothers.

MATHEWS—"Chanticleer; a Thanksgiving Story." By Cornelius Mathews. 12mo, pp. 130, illustrated. Published by Brown, Loomis & Co.

ISAIAH—"Practical Thoughts on the First Forty Chapters of the Book of the Prophet Isaiah." By Lady Verney. 8vo, pp. 325. Published by James Nisbet & Co., Berners street, Oxford street, London; and sold here by Charles Scribner & Co.

FONTANA—"An Elementary Grammar of the Italian Language, Progressively Arranged for the Use of Schools and Colleges." By G. B. Fontana. 12mo, pp. 236. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

ZOUAVES—"Reminiscences of an Officer of Zouaves." Translated from the French. 12mo, pp. 317. Published by D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway, New York, and 16 Little Britain, London.

THE NATURE, FOUNDATION, AND EXTENT OF MORAL OBLIGATION.—The above is the title of a volume, by Rev. David Metcalf of this city, from the press of Allen & Farnham, Cambridge, and the publishing house of Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., Boston.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

"THE PORTE-CRAYON" is the title of a new art-serial published in this city, designed to reproduce, at small cost to the purchaser, accurate photographic representations of the most celebrated pictures of American artists. The drawings on the stone are made in all cases by the artists themselves, showing their own peculiar manner and touch, and thus made doubly valuable to the possessors. Persons who have visited public galleries, and have gone away desiring to procure some suggestive reproduction of the pictures with which they have been most pleased, will be apt to find many of their favorites coming back to them, in faithful lithographic likenesses, in the issues of *The Porte-Crayon.* The numbers already published contain "Twilight" by George Innes, "The Ford" by Bellows, "Bay of Naples" by Geo. L. Brown, and Eastman Johnson's "Marguerite," a sweet, mild face beaming beside her spinning-wheel. Subsequent numbers will contain drawings by Edwin White, Dolessard, Van Beest, Sartain, William Hart, George L. Brown, and others. Published by George Ward Nichols, at 756 Broadway.

A WOMAN'S LIBRARY has at last been established in the city of New York. A need long felt is thus supplied. Two years ago, at a public meeting in Broadway, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and James T. Brady presented the case to the public, and the initiatory steps were taken which have at last resulted successfully. The Library is in the University building, and contains, to begin with, about 4,000 volumes. Fine engravings adorn the walls, and illustrated works are found on the reading-tables. The institution will be publicly opened in a few weeks.

The Free South, destroyed by a Newport (Ky.) mob last October, has been resuscitated by Mr. Bailey, its former editor.

DR. JOHN DOY of Kansas, the author of "The Kansas Narrative," has been lecturing through Massachusetts and Connecticut.

MR. CHARLES READE'S new book, "The Eighth Commandment," turns out to be an attack on the present condition of the dramatic copyright law existing between England and France, which, by a curious explanatory section, is entirely explained away, and made void of effect.

MESSRS. MASON & BROTHERS will publish the third and concluding volume of Mr. Parton's Life of Andrew Jackson early in September. The Life of Gen. Philip Schuyler, which Mr. Benson J. Lossing has been engaged upon for some time, and for which he was furnished by the family a great number of original letters and documents, will also be published by Messrs. Mason.

THE Earl of Caithness has built a carriage which is to be propelled by steam-power upon ordinary turnpike roads.

"SEVEN YEARS' RESIDENCE IN THE GREAT DESERTS OF NORTH AMERICA," by Abbe Domenech, is a work that will, on many accounts, command the attention of the American antiquarian and ethnological investigator. The author is known to the public as a former work on his missionary labors in Texas, which has been translated in London, but not reprinted in the United States.

MR. BRONTE, the father of the Bronte sisters, whose remarkable lives were made known to the world through Mrs. Gaskell's biography of the author of Jane Eyre, has at last yielded to his increasing infirmities, and preached his last sermon at Haworth church, (where Charlotte Bronte lies buried,) on the 21st ultimo. He will be succeeded by his assistant curate, Rev. A. B. Nicholl, the husband of Charlotte Bronte, and will himself live in repose from active duty among the people whose pastor he has been for so many years.

LAMARTINE is reported to have said, that at the end of a century the only book possible will be a newspaper.

MR. SAMUEL WILSON is a new candidate for the honor of crossing the Atlantic ocean in a balloon. He proposes to start from Boston, and has constructed the "Great Western" and the "American Eagle" for the hazardous undertaking. The 1st of October is fixed as the period of his departure.

COL. GOWAN'S efforts to raise the sunken fleet in the harbor of Sevastopol have been attended with the most triumphant success. Some of the largest and costliest vessels have been recovered uninjured; others have been blown up, and it is thought that before the cold weather ensues the bay will be entirely free from obstructions.

JOHN RANDOLPH is credited by *The Baltimore American* with the invention of the term "dough-face." It says that the true rendering is *doe-face*, and that Randolph applied it to a class of politicians who are like the doe, or female deer, which is frightened by seeing its own face reflected in a streamlet. Certainly, the spelling first given seems quite as pointed, bearing, as it does, on the facility with which the faces of timid public men are molded to express the safest view of an exciting popular issue.

The London Athenæum was recently so unfortunate as to make a "bried notice" of a volume of "old-fashioned wit and humor," by a Mr. Jackson, in which that gentleman was not complimented. Mr. Jackson thereupon assures *The Athenæum* that his work is "ingenious, sprightly, and replete with wit and humor." He also finely alludes to his alleged equality with Byron, by his publishing in the "Collection" a poem, called "A Reply, in the name of the great Lord Byron;" but "conscientiously exonerating his lordship from the authorship, by a note at the end," lest the public should be misled; and further, he assures his critic that "for myself, I may say, so far from being unpretending, that for lively, easy, and correct versification, I am conscious of a talent, which I have not seen surpassed by any writer now living." That is cool for this warm weather! Isn't it?

THE discussion of MR. Darwin's theory of the development of species was a leading topic at the late meeting of the British Association at Oxford.

THE Emperor Louis Napoleon has been engaged for twenty years in gathering materials for a life of Charlemagne. He and Henry the Eighth of England, are his two special idols of history—always omitting his great uncle, of course.

THE Viscount de la Gueronniere is engaged in writing a life of the late Prince Jerome Bonaparte for the *Revue Européenne.* The value of such a work under the present *regime* is, of course, shining. Memoirs of a member of the reigning dynasty in France *cannot* be true—as Sir Robert Walpole somewhat cynically said of history generally.

THE literary pension-list for 1860 is published. The multitudinous sisters of Dr. Lardner have each a yearly donation of £25. Miss Pardoe, we are delighted to perceive, is to enjoy a pension of £100 per annum; Dr. Blakey, the scientific writer, £100 a year; and the pleasing and now veteran poet, Mr. Edward Atherstone, £25 additional to the yearly bounty of £75 which he already receives. Dr. Bigsby and Rev. Henry Logan likewise have each £100 as pensions.

A WOODEN triangle of immense size has been placed upon the south spire of Cologne Cathedral, to assist in the determination of longitudes between the Caspian and the Atlantic. The enterprise, which is assisted by all the Governments along the line of route, owes its origin to the exertions of Herr Struve, the Director of the great Russian Observatory at Pultowa.

The Musical Review and *The Musical World*, hitherto two of the best musical papers in the United States, have combined their forces, and are hereafter to be issued as a single journal, under the editorial charge of the same editors as before. Those who desire a really valuable musical paper, will do well to take notice, and become subscribers.

DR. GEORGE BARROWS of Taunton, Mass., reports having recently seen a white swallow, a bird rarely if ever seen, flying in a flock of the same species, though not of its color. He has also been favored with the sight of a white weazel, making a hostile incursion upon a nut-brown mole. This swallow and weazel would be fit companions for the "white woodchuck with pink eyes, recently caught in Vermont."

SUCCESS has not attended the attempt to introduce salmon ova into Australia. Owing to rough weather in the Channel, and the deficiency of ice, the ova perished; but, from the length of time they lived, there is every reason to be sanguine that another experiment will succeed.

SOME proof impressions of rare engravings, taken before lettering, have recently been put in the London market, and the prices obtained startled veteran purchasers. "The Judgment of Paris," by Marc Antonio, was sold for $1,600, and a copy of Morghen's "Last Supper" brought $1,580.

The Augsburg Gazette states that the International Congress of Chemists, which was to have been held last spring, is definitely fixed to meet at Carlsruhe on the 3d of September. Letters of invitation have been addressed to all eminent chemists, and especially to professors of chemistry in public schools and colleges.

General News.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

HIS RECEPTION AT QUEBEC.

The City in Evergreens.

THE Prince of Wales had a splendid reception at Quebec. If he had been the King of England, coming with the crown and all its jewels upon his head, the demonstration could hardly have been more enthusiastic. The day and hour of his arrival had been preannounced, and the city was arrayed in its gayest dress to await his entrance. The route along which he was to pass was made green with young spruce-trees, which had been cut down and placed in position near the curbs during the night and early morning.

Flags of Different Nations.

Banners of the various nations were hung across the streets, opposite the official residences of the consuls, and flags representing the various nationalities were prominently displayed. The "red cross banner" of St. George hung side by side with the "golden harp of Erin" on its green silken ground, while the white cross and blue ground of St. Andrew's flag waved in friendly unison with St. Patrick's. The "stars and stripes" also found a place in the crowd. Streamers of all kinds waved high and low, and even Japan was not forgotten in the list.

Mottoes.

The windows of the houses were decorated with flowers and evergreens, and flags were hoisted all over the triumphal arches. Mottoes of all kinds and in all languages were hanging from all windows. At one building there was a figure of General Wolfe, holding in his hands a long and broad ribbon on which were the words, "Welcome to the Prince of Wales."

Indian Tribes and Catholic Priests.

During the morning several of the chiefs of the Indian tribes, in their national costume, began to assemble in the city,—the members of the volunteer military organizations were parading, and the shipping in the harbor were setting their flags from masts and rigging. On the wharf at which the Prince was to land, the scene was very attractive. The water police with their red shirts and blue jackets were very prominent, and the Roman Catholic priests were moving about in full canonicals, as is always the case in those countries where that religion predominates.

The Prince's Ship Signaled.

At half past two the signal was given that the Prince had appeared in sight at a point some few miles down the river. Immediately the guns on the Grand Battery, Durham terrace, and the advanced fleet, thundered out salutations to that signal, and the people began to assemble at all the most eligible points. The grand tent, beautifully constructed and decorated, which had been prepared on the landing wharf, now began to receive its guard of military and civil officers, in their appropriate array. As soon as the hulls of the vessels were fully in sight, several fire balloons were let off from South Quebec, and sailed bravely across the river to the Northern shore.

What a Scotch Farmer Did.

A Scotch farmer had a flag on which the thistles were nicely worked, and which his wife prized very much. As the royal fleet passed the neighborhood of the farmer he ran his flag up half-mast high, which attracted the attention of those on the Hero, and the salute was answered. Up went the thistles to the top of the flag-staff, and the wind being fresh proceeded to spread out the signal with a violent motion. The "gentle" began to be alarmed for fear that her favorite flag would be blown away. "Let it gang," said her husband, "it couldna gang in a better cause."

Arrival of the "Hero."

At half-past three the "Hero" with the royal standard at the main, accompanied by a large flotilla of steamers and small boats, arrived and cast anchor in the center of the stream opposite the wharf, amid hearty cheers from the sailors and officers of the advance fleet and the crowds on the wharves and steamers, and a salute from cannon. As soon as the anchor had taken hold, the holiday flags ran over the whole vessel, and the ensigns of the white and blue ran up to the head of the fore and mizzen masts, and the ensign of the red at the gaff. At the bow the "Union Jack" took the front flag-staff. At this time the bands on the "Nile" and the Hero struck up the National Anthem, and the strains sounded grandly to the listeners on the wharves, all harshness being mellowed by the distance and the water.

The Governor-General.

At twenty minutes to four Sir Edmund Head, the Governor-General, and his aids, drove on to the wharf in the new carriage intended for the use of the royal visitor. The carriage was drawn by four splendid horses, the driver and the two footmen being attired in the royal livery of scarlet and gold. As the Governor-General entered the street the Rifle band played the first stanza of "God save the Queen."

The Hero of Kars.

At a quarter to four a green boat containing Lieut.-Gen. Sir William Fenwick Williams, the hero of Kars, and Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Canada, with members of his staff, pulled alongside the Hero, and they went on board to welcome His Royal Highness to Canada.

The Prince in the White Boat.

Punctually at four o'clock the whole of the six warvessels manned their yards, the men running up the rigging like so many monkeys. The royal standard suddenly leaving the head of the main-mast of the Hero, and the band thereon playing the National Anthem, informed all the expectant crowd on the shore that the Prince had left the vessel, and in a few seconds a white boat, with the royal standard at its bow, appeared on the water, followed by two others containing the Admiral and naval officers of the royal squadron. As the royal boat passed the small boats of the flotilla, it was saluted by the rowers raising their oars high in the air, and the Prince cordially noticed each salute by raising his hat. The cheers that resounded from the vessels were such as could come only from the throats of the crews of "men-of-war."

The Landing.

The Prince landed at the Champlain-market wharf, amid a deafening salute from the guns of the citadel, the six war-vessels, the Grand Battery, the artillery on Durham terrace, and on the hights of Point Levi, the smaller cannon in the possession of several loyal civilians, the cheering of the steam-vessels in the harbor, the chiming of bells, and the hurrahs and *vivas* of an excited crowd who shouted nearly as loud as the bellowing of the cannon. The effect of this scene on some of the spectators was very strange, the tears of joy rolling down the cheeks of several of them, while others laughed hysterically.

Exercises in the Tent.

The Prince ascended the wharf, entered the tent, received congratulatory addresses in French and English, after which

The Procession

was formed, and proceeded along St. Peter's street, up Mountain Hill, through Prescott Gate, across the market in front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, along Fabrique street to St. John, thence under St. John's Gate, through St. John's street to and through the walls to Chatarequi, the residence of the Governor-General, the soldiers lining the whole way and presenting arms as the Prince's carriage passed.

The Illuminations.

At eight o'clock the city was generally illuminated, and the display lasted till after ten. In consequence of the continual drizzling rain that fell the whole evening, the attempts to render the out-door gas designs perfect were futile, except in a few instances. The greater part of the citizens deemed it the wiser policy to use indoor lights, on which the rain could have no effect. One gentleman had paid a large sum to have the front of his residence covered with gas jets to the number of nearly two thousand, but unfortunately the whole proved a failure, as the gas could not be persuaded to keep alight. A large number of rockets were let off by the private citizens on both sides of the river and from the steam-boats that were moving about on the St. Lawrence in front of the city.

The Prince Visiting Montreal.

After leaving Quebec, the Prince proceeded to Montreal, where a reception similar in character and enthusiasm awaited him. He attended a game of ball, not as a player, but a looker-on—danced at a grand ball with many fine young ladies—held a levee—got caught in the rain—wore his "plain clothes" at intervals—and lifted his hat to a band of musicans playing Yankee Doodle. He also did several other things which we have not room enough to chronicle.

The Prince Coming to New York.

Mayor Wood's private secretary had an interview with the Duke of Newcastle, his Highness being present, and tendered the invitation to visit New York. The invitation was accepted on the part of the Prince, and it was intimated that during his stay here he would be pleased to witness a military display and a firemen's torchlight parade, visit the public schools, and attend a ball. None of the invitations to private residences here will be accepted, it being thought most advisable for the Royal party to stop at a hotel, like any other travelers. The Prince will probably reach this city about the 6th of October.

DEATH OF MRS. ABBOTT LAWRENCE.—Mrs. Catharine Bigelow, widow of the late Hon. Abbott Lawrence, died Tuesday evening, at the family mansion in Park street, Boston, after an illness of three weeks. The deceased was the oldest daughter of Hon. Timothy Bigelow of Medford, Mass., and was a lady universally respected and esteemed. Her many friends in Washington, in England, and elsewhere, will deeply sympathize with her family in this time of their great affliction. She leaves three sons, two daughters, several brothers, and a wide circle of warmly attached relatives and friends. Her age was 67 years.

FOREIGN.

The steam-ship Vanderbilt, on the 15th of August from Southampton, arrived here Sunday at 2 P.M.

The Vanderbilt on her outward passage left Sandy Hook on Saturday, July the 28th, at 2:30 P.M., and arrived at the Needles, Isle of Wight, exactly at midnight on Monday, August 6th. This, with the allowance of difference in time of five hours, makes the most rapid passage ever made across the Atlantic.

The Paris correspondent of *The Morning Post* says, according to dispatches from Naples, which reached Paris on Sunday, the King is likely to abandon his dominions. Neither the army nor the navy, it is said, will fight for Francis II.

It is no longer doubted that if Garibaldi succeeds in becoming master of Naples, the King and his Consort will retire on board the Imperial flotilla, and afterwards take refuge at Vienna.

The Genoa journals publish dispatches announcing the unopposed disembarkation of Garibaldi, with 8,000 men, near Reggio, on the night of the 10th inst. The same dispatches report the evacuation of the fortress of Scullo by the Neapolitans. The above must be received with great reserve.

It is believed that Garibaldi intends to attack Austria, not on the Venetian, but on the Croatian coast, by attempting a disembarkation at Fiume. The Austrian authorities believe Garibaldi will first endeavor to provoke a revolution in Croatia and Hungary, before proceeding to Venetia. All the coasts are rigorously watched by the cruisers of the Imperial marine.

ROME, Aug. 7th.—Tranquillity reigns in the city.

The municipality of Rome, fearing a dearth, has demanded the prohibition of the exportation of corn.

TURIN, Aug. 12, 1860.—The subscription to the new loan is closed. Three times the amount required has been subscribed.

MONTENEGRO.—Vienna, Aug. 13th.—Prince Danielo was seriously wounded on Sunday at Cattaro by an assassin. The wound is very serious, if not mortal. He was fired at at a distance of two paces, the ball passing through the lower part of his body.

SYRIA.—A new political pamphlet has just appeared, entitled Abd-el-Kader, Emperor of Arabia. The object of the writer is to prove the necessity of establishing a principality to be composed of Arabia and Mesopotamia, to be governed by Abd-el-Kader, under the suzerainety of the Porte, in the same way as the Pashalik of Egypt.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE made some important statements in the House of Lords on the evening of the 14th inst. His Lordship, who was for many years British Embassador at Constantinople, and may be presumed to understand thoroughly the condition of Turkey, frankly admitted that the Syrian disturbances "were not referable to local causes alone, but were immediately connected with the general condition of the Ottoman Empire."

Later.

Advices to the 17th inst. have been received from Europe by the arrival of the steam-ship Nova Scotian off Father Point, on her way to Quebec. The news is two days later than by the Vanderbilt. It is stated, on the authority of the Paris correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, that the Pope had written a letter to the French Cardinal, in which he takes a very melancholy and despairing view of the condition of things. He looks upon all as lost, and expects to die by the hand of an assassin, but expresses his determination never to quit Rome upon compulsion. Later advices from Syria represent that Fuad Pasha had surrounded Lebanon with troops, and had threatened to put all the Druse Sheiks to the sword if they did not surrender in two days. Twenty of them had been captured, and about eight hundred other important arrests had been made. A large quantity of plundered property had also been recovered. The Turkish Sultan had made a speech to the Foreign Ministers, in which he expressed the determination to punish the Syrian offenders with the utmost severity. It was understood, also, that he was about to address another autograph letter to Queen Victoria and the Emperor Napoleon, in which he would express a desire to have the sole punishment of the criminals.

Both cotton and breadstuffs had advanced in the Liverpool market, while provisions continued dull. A slight fall in the English funds had taken place, caused by the unsatisfactory state of political affairs and unfavorable weather for the crops.

DOMESTIC.

FROM THE TOMBS TO THE PENITENTIARY.—In New York city, fifty vagrants and disorderly persons were transferred from the Tombs to Blackwell's Island one day last week. Of these 20 were males and 30 females. *One had been previously committed seventy-five times, and a number from twenty to thirty times.*

Those persons who think that the use of a prison is entirely for the punishment of convicts, and not at all for their moral reclamation, may find in these italicized instances a fearful demonstration that the mere shutting a man in a cell, and feeding him for a term on bread and water—leaving him at the same time to grow worse during his imprisonment by omitting to surround him with salutary and impressive moral influences—only fits him, in a majority of instances, to be a greater rogue on leaving the penitentiary than when he entered it. A person on whom the grated doors of a cell are closed ought to know that he is there for the severe punishment of his crime, but ought to find also that the prison is a school, with many kind teachers, to instruct and win him toward a better and nobler life. The fact that so many prisoners, on their release from the penitentiary at the end of their first imprisonment [illegible] the commission of the same crimes as before, and are straightway remanded to the same cells, is a fearful commentary on the lack of moral teaching in our existing prison discipline.

THE PROGRESS OF THE NATIONAL CENSUS.—The new Census of the United States, which was begun on the 1st of June, is now in active progress in all parts of the country, and the returns will probably be mostly gathered by the 1st of September. Fragmentary reports from special localities have already found their way into the local press. Among these we find the following:

The N. O. Delta says: "The returns of the census so far as received, justify the expectation that the population of the city of New Orleans will be shown to be near 200,000."

The Missouri papers say: "It would appear from the vote for Governor at the recent election, that its population is at least a million and a half."

The figure-gatherers have discovered a number of antiquated individuals in various parts of the country. Among others, a Deputy-Marshal in Cherokee county, Ga., found a white man who had attained the respectable age of 133 years.

The accurate population of the village of Lockport, N. Y., is 9,662. This is the population of the corporate limits of the village. In 1850 the population was 8,864.

In Connecticut, the returns continue to increase the list of very old folks in the state. New Milford, with 3,900 inhabitants, has 172 over 70 years, and it also boasts of three widows who are each two years younger than they were in 1850. In Winsted there is an active old lady of 101.

An elderly maiden lady, who objects to inquiries into female ages, declares the census a "new invention of the evil one, and quotes in proof—"*jackis de-scensus Averni.*"

BUTTER FOR PRISONERS' BREAD.—To those who have ever witnessed the convicts of a state's prison sitting down to their plain meals of dry-bread, rice, and meat, eaten from pewter plates, and accompanied only with cold water, the introduction of the article of butter will hardly be regarded as too luxurious an addition to the common bill-of-fare of a penitentiary.

The Ohio State Journal, in an article on the amount of provisions consumed by the convicts in the penitentiary of that state, says that the Warden has commenced giving them, occasionally, butter for breakfast. The first time that some of the convicts have tasted butter for *twenty years* was on last Tuesday morning, and it was amusing, says *The Journal*, as well as gratifying, to witness the silent expressions of gratitude which lit up the countenances of the prisoners as they beheld this delicacy spread before them. It takes one hundred and fifty pounds for one meal.

THE SLAVERY EXCITEMENT IN TEXAS.—Vague rumors have been received for several weeks past of the progress of the Slavery Excitement in Texas. Reports aver that 2,000 abolitionists are in league to burn, kill, and destroy everything in their way. Some negroes have already been hung, and are said to have implicated certain white persons as belonging to a conspiracy which is carrying on the work of incendiarism in that region. The rumors bear on their face the evidence of much exaggeration. We gather the following from various Texas papers:

"We learn that a preacher by the name of Buley was hung at Veal's Station last week, for being an active abolitionist. A majority of three hundred men condemned him. This is decidedly an unhealthy climate for all such, and we would advise all of that kind to remove instanter.—*Fort Worth Chief, 1st.*

Mr. Teague, a printer in our office, has just arrived from Tennessee Colony, Anderson county, and brings the news that he witnessed the hanging of two white men in that place, on Sunday, the 5th inst., who were proven to be guilty of inciting insurrection among slaves of that neighborhood. Their names were Aztney Wyrick and his cousin, Alfred Cable.—*Fairfield Pioneer.*

An abolitionist was caught at Fort Worth, who had just distributed fifty guns and fifty six-shooters among the negroes. Another man was arrested in Parker county for a similar act. Both villains were hung.—*Navarro Express.*

A negro with a knife in hand and a bundle was hailed on Monday by the patrol, when he refused to make himself known, and started off on a run. The patrol fired upon him twice without effect. He escaped.—*Austin State Gazette.*

A few days since several negroes were arrested on Mill Creek, in this county, who acknowledged to their having poison, given them by white men, for the purpose of poisoning their owners and families, and that the day of election was the time fixed for a general insurrection. They also implicated some negroes about town as being concerned in the murderous plot.—*Brenham Ranger.*

We understand that several abolitionists have been *quietly hung in Northern Texas—the object being not to spread such facts until they secure many others, whose names have been revealed to the appropriate committees.* We devoutly trust every one of the midnight incendiaries may be secured and hung.—*Belton Democrat.*

A correspondent of *The Chicago Press and Tribune* says that the excitement is manufactured out of nothing by crafty politicians, to bring odium upon the anti-slavery political party, of which MR. LINCOLN is the candidate:

"Some time ago, certain leading men in this state, known to be connected with the Blue Lodges, of Kansas invasion notoriety, were heard to say, that in order to defeat the Republican party it would be necessary to get up another John Brown raid upon the South, and that this would be done at the proper time. When it was suggested that a step of that character would result in the loss of life to many innocent persons, answer was made that a few lives were nothing in the scale, compared with keeping the Federal Government in the hands of the Democracy and of the South."

A correspondent of *The N. Y. Tribune*, residing in Texas, says that the excitement was originated by the reckless and lawless population of the western border, who, it is well-known, have repeatedly formed themselves into organized bands for cattle-stealing, and who have sought to bring about a state of things favorable to their depredations by raising the cry of a Negro Insurrection. Their object seems to be to implicate persons for the sake of confiscating their property.

THE CROPS IN KANSAS.—We are informed by a resident of Southern Kansas, now in this city, that the reports of the great failure of the crops in that section of the territory have been somewhat exaggerated. In Bourbon county, a strip of land, about three miles in width, lying along both sides of Mill Creek, a protracted drouth from the beginning of May to the end of July completely destroyed corn, wheat, and grass. The northern half of Douglas county suffered also a similar calamity. But in other counties the damage was not so severe, though in all it was below an average yield. In Northern Kansas, the crops have been fine, falling in with the general prosperity of the West.

ROWING IN A WHERRY FROM BOSTON TO NEW YORK.—One of the most singular of nautical feats has just been successfully performed by Mr. D. U. Martin of Boston—nothing less than rowing from that city to this

THE INDEPENDENT.

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LATITUDINARIANISM IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

It is often objected to the Congregational form of church-government that it provides no sufficient ecclesiastical restraints against the diffusion of error; and the fact that Unitarianism has had its chief strength among New England Congregationalists is alleged as conclusive upon this point. Now as Congregationalism has respect to *polity* alone—the simple principle that each local church shall govern itself and that other churches or bodies have no coercive authority over it, but only the moral influence of opinion—the doctrinal belief of Unitarians or Universalists is no more chargeable upon Congregationalism than the color of the Haytiens or the infidelity of the French Revolutionists are chargeable upon the Republican form of government.

No system of church polity can give security against doctrinal error. Unitarianism in this country first appeared in King's chapel, an Episcopal church in Boston. In Ireland at one time almost the whole Presbyterian Synod of Ulster was infected with Socinianism; and in Wales to-day the names Presbyterian and Unitarian are well-nigh synonymous, while the Congregational churches of Britain are quite free from Unitarianism.

But the fact is that Congregationalism provides the best possible safeguards against error and the most effectual means for exterminating it when it appears. It binds each association of believers in Christ by their covenant as a Church, to watch over the purity and integrity of Christian doctrine, in their pastor and in themselves. It keeps alive the sense of personal responsibility for the care of the truth, and makes those its guardians whose inner spiritual discernment is most quick to detect error. It presents no great ecclesiastical structure within which error can hide itself and work insidiously until it gains control of the working power in the system; it provides no class or order of men above the churches, who can uphold and strengthen each other in error by virtue of having "the keys" in their own hands; it rests ministerial fellowship upon mutual confidence, and thus tends to make each minister more jealous for the truth than careful for a system; and when error does appear, instead of affording facilities for ecclesiastical agitation and heretical partisanship upon the great scale, Congregationalism provides that error and truth shall fall asunder by the force of moral repulsion.

The Episcopal Church, by the soundness of its articles and the compact unity of its organization, has been thought to oppose the strongest bulwark both to heresy and to radicalism; and it has been looked upon as a natural home for Unitarians seeking the rest and strength of a true faith. It has been supposed that the differences in the Episcopal Church were mainly sacramental. But the organs of the Evangelical party in that Church have recently disclosed the fact that the Episcopal clergy are largely infected with Unitarianism, and that doctrinal error is quite as rife and vigorous as sacramental and hierarchical pretension. We are not surprised at the fact; and we admire the frankness of the avowal. We would use this only in the spirit in which it is made. *The Western Churchman* makes the disclosure, and *The Protestant Churchman* of this city indorses the article as "timely and able." This writer says:

"Laymen in various parts of the land are complaining that many of the clergy do not preach the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ, and those who have formerly been acquainted with the preaching of Unitarians in the East, say often that there is a wonderful resemblance between the spirit of the preaching of many of the clergy of our Church and that to which they were formerly accustomed, while yet there is a difference; and they declare that both the resemblance and the difference are to be expressed in this manner, viz.: One of the classes of preachers referred to present a morality without a Christ, and the other a Church without a Christ. Thus, too, both classes make religion mainly a matter of taste, and not a matter of serious earnest between the soul and God. In this last matter, no person accustomed to the preaching of Unitarians can fail to see a singular resemblance—a resemblance which goes to show a lack of evidence of true conversion of the soul to Christ, and a lack of true apostolical earnestness and zeal. Indeed, to such a degree is there this resemblance, that those who deny the divinity of Jesus Christ, when going into places where their own churches are not to be found, seek often that class of preachers in our Church to which a reference has been made, and they often declare that they see no difference between these preachers and their own, and only see a difference in theology in the matter of the repetition of the creeds. On the other hand, those laymen of our Church who have been accustomed to preaching mainly addressed to the taste of the hearers, when thrown into congregations where the Gospel is preached with more simplicity, and earnestness, and directness to the conscience, are apt to complain that the ministers preaching in this manner 'preach like Presbyterians, and not like Churchmen.'"

After this special concession as to the growing prevalence of Unitarianism in the Episcopal Church, the writer proceeds to speak of the general liberalism of that Church in matters of faith and practice. He says:

"Our Church is one which is based upon the principle of toleration to a greater degree than that of most churches around us. There is more variance of opinion in the Episcopal Church of America than there is among the Presbyterians, the Methodists, and even among the orthodox Congregationalists. We have all grades of theological sentiment, from the highest Calvinism to the lowest Arminianism. We have all grades of ecclesiastical opinion, from those who regard the structure of our Church as only useful, to those who regard it as essential to a church. We have all grades of views respecting forms and sacraments, from those who regard them as only proper helps, and signs, and symbols of things, to those who consider them as conferring, positively and directly, grace upon the soul."

The article then speaks of the Romish Church as "a vast conglomeration of sects, consolidated together upon certain great principles," and adds, that "this has been a source of great advantage to that Church, as it gives an opportunity of choice, and thus makes contentment in the minds of its members." The writer is of opinion that by the same policy the Church of England might have retained in its bosom the Wesleyans, the Non-Conformists, and indeed "the mass of those who speak the English language;" and he would have the Episcopal Church in the United States profit by the wisdom of the Church of Rome, and the mistakes of the Church of England.

These facts are urged as a plea for freedom in missionary operations within the Episcopal Church, and especially for the new Missionary Society organized by leaders in the Evangelical party. For this purpose the argument is good. We rejoice in the formation of that Society; we wish the largest success to it, and to all who are laboring in the Episcopal Church for purity of doctrine and spirituality of life. May their numbers be increased, and their fruits abound. It is their duty to stay where they are, and bear testimony to the truth; and the prayers of all good men will help them. But the statements cited above certainly warrant these inferences, which we put upon record as matters of fact, for sober reflection, and in no uncharitable spirit.

(1.) The boasted unity of the Episcopal Church represents neither unity of doctrine, unity of spirit, unity of practice, nor anything which the New Testament describes as the unity of the body of Christ. It is merely a conventional agreement of interests mutually discordant, but consolidated for the external growth and strength of the Episcopal sect.

(2.) The Episcopal Church, instead of presenting barriers to doctrinal error, provides a home in which all manner of heresies may dwell side by side, with a tacit understanding not to molest each other.

(3.) Those who, leaving the ranks of error, enter the Episcopal Church with the idea that they will there find a doctrinal purity and a spiritual peace not attainable elsewhere, exhibit far more of simplicity than of sagacity. But let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.

WAKING UP AT LAST.

For weeks past we have endeavored to arouse the Republicans from the lethargy of a false confidence. The feeling that seems to pervade their ranks is neither that of quiet, steadfast determination to conquer, nor of enthusiastic rallying for the contest, but a fatalistic indifference to action and to responsibility, as if the election of Mr. Lincoln were a foregone conclusion. This feeling is owing partly to the character and position of the candidate, and partly to the feuds and divisions of the opposition. The name of Fremont stirred the masses to a chivalric enthusiasm like that of an army marching under a tried, admired, and generous leader. The Republican canvass of 1856 was attended also with the earnestness of a first movement in a great cause. The name of Mr. Seward, representing not only the highest order of statesmanship, and the largest capacity for the administration of affairs, but also the great principles of freedom, and justice, and right in opposition to the injustice and the iniquity of slavery, would have rallied to the Republican standard the moral sentiments of the North and West, with an earnestness and force not yet exhibited in this campaign. His name, too, would have evoked a storm of opposition that must have called out the full strength of the friends of freedom in a great contest of principle.

Mr. Lincoln is a man of much sagacity and ability. Indeed, the more we read his speeches, the more we are impressed with his intellectual acumen and strength, and his grasp of great principles. He is a man of high integrity, and his administration will be wise and patriotic. Though leaning somewhat to the moderate and conservative side, he fairly represents the Republican platform adopted at Chicago. But outside of his own state his name is so little known, and so little identified with the great conflict for freedom, that it fails to kindle that enthusiasm so important to success in political campaigning. On the other hand, the divided attitude of the Democracy has led Republicans to take for granted their own success in the November election.

Now there is *danger* in this easy confidence;—danger that while their subtile and unscrupulous opponents will secretly contrive coalitions to be sprung upon the people just on the eve of election, the Republicans will omit that thorough canvassing of districts and enlistment of voters which is necessary to bring out their full strength. There is even greater danger that, in the confidence of success, they will sink the one great principle which alone can give them success—opposition to the nationalization of slavery—in the party questions and personal controversies belonging to a former era. The attempt to saddle upon the Republican party the old Whig scheme of a protective policy, or to use that party for the resuscitation of defunct politicians, is a breach of faith to the many who have joined it purely in opposition to slavery, and must be a fatal obstacle to the accession of voters from the shattered Democracy.

All forms of opposition to the Republicans rest upon the fact that the question of slavery is the only real issue in the Presidential election. The Republicans can defeat the combined opposition by resolutely and earnestly meeting that issue. If they make this subordinate to other questions, or if they fail to deal with this as if they were really in earnest to rid the Federal Government of all complicity with slavery, then either Mr. Lincoln will be defeated by the people, or his election will be equivalent to defeat, dishonor, and disruption.

We are glad that some leading political journals are waking up at last to this peril. *The Evening Post* calls upon Republicans to "look the danger in the face," in words of warning that should be echoed by every Republican journal in the land:

"There is nothing more perilous to individuals or to political parties than continuous prosperity. The Republican party is already illustrating this truth. In proportion to the chances of electing our candidate for the Presidency have personal jealousies and animosities been developed. Every newspaper that we take up is obliged to reflect these selfish strifes in its chronicle of current events, and we regret to see on the very eve of our State Convention an effort making to distract its counsels and waste its energies, required for the battle with our common enemy, in intestine broils.

"Paradoxical as it may seem, if we were weaker we should feel stronger, and if we had less hope we should have more faith. Our adversaries have taken courage from the indications of disorder in our lines, and of bad blood among our leaders, and are taking steps to unite upon a single electoral ticket in this state, in the hope, by concentrating all the energies of their several parties and factions in the nation upon this state, to defeat Lincoln, and thereby to carry the election into the House of Representatives. Nothing but the folly and selfishness of that class of men which is to be found in all parties, whose interest in the success of the Republican party depends entirely upon the elevation of the seat to be assigned to them in it, has made such a thing practicable. Now, it is inevitable. There will be, practically, but two electoral tickets run in this state—the friends of Houston and Breckinridge will be constrained to support either the Douglas or Lincoln electoral ticket, if they wish to give any effect to their vote.

"New York is to be the battle-field. No effort is making by our adversaries elsewhere, but no amount of money, craft, or exertion will be spared to separate this state from the Republican column. We are glad that those who are not for the Republican party are to be against it, and that their strength is to be so combined that when the battle is over there will be a defeat on one side and a victory on the other. We wish the question at issue between the Republicans and their opponents so decidedly settled that the administration, if Republican, may be a vigorous and efficient one. At the same time we cannot but regret the cause which has brought about this combination of our adversaries, for it may continue to operate until the state itself is in danger. If we read the signs of the horizon aright, we have now before us, and we say this in no croaking spirit, one of the most desperate political contests that has ever been fought in this state. The Republicans of New York are equal to the contest if they will be united and go into action with singleness of heart; but if every man must first settle who is to be Postmaster-General, who is to be Collector, and who is to be night watchman, and if the competitors have to first prove, in hand-to-hand fight, which is the better man before they can point their swords at the common enemy, our cause and our candidate are alike in peril."

A POSTHUMOUS ESTIMATE OF THEODORE PARKER.

With singular unanimity the public mind is settling down upon an estimate of Theodore Parker quite other than that he appears to have formed of himself and the results of his life. It is cheerfully accorded upon all sides, that this studious, earnest, laborious preacher was a man of large intellectual endowments and high literary culture; that he was devoted with entire honesty of purpose to certain great public interests of humanity; that he fearlessly followed his own convictions of truth and duty; and that in private life he was amiable, sincere, sympathizing, and benevolent. But with almost equal unanimity it is agreed that he did not hold and teach the truths of the *Christian* religion, nor exhibit the peculiar and characteristic faith of the Christian disciple. His doctrines were not distinctively based upon the New Testament as an authority; his motives were not avowedly drawn from the life and doctrine, the work, the promises, and the commands of Christ. He followed Christ in no other sense than he followed Plato; he used his teachings in no other way than he used those of the ancient sages of Greece, of Confucius, and of the Vedas.

Our own estimate of Mr. Parker was given at the time of his decease. We then showed by extracts from his writings, that his ideas of religion were not the distinctive ideas of Christianity, but notions drawn in part from the old Pagan philosophy, in part from his own philosophy of human nature, and from naturalistic views of God and his government. We do not propose to extend our analysis of his character and teachings. But it is important to put upon record the posthumous judgment of some who more nearly sympathized with him in life.

One of the most devoted admirers of Mr. Parker, and perhaps his most fervent eulogist, is Rev. Mr. Alger of Boston, himself a bold and earnest advocate of the rights of man. In his discourse commemorative of Theodore Parker, while extolling his piety as of a rare and transcendental quality, Mr. Alger does not trace this to the hidden life of faith in Christ—nor indeed does he represent the teachings and spirit of Christ as the secret and source of what he so much admires. He says:

"Among the many claims of this eminent clergyman to our respectful study and affection, his remarkable piety is by no means the least—the clear, fervent, healthy type of piety exemplified by him; not the sour, angular piety of dogma, nor the dry and conceited piety of formalism, but the wholesome piety founded on omnipresent mystery, and nutrimented with universal truth and beauty. That sweet and secret love of God, so touchingly realized and sung in the best Moravian hymns, has been known so profoundly, and cherished so abidingly, by few in our external and noisy generation as by him. The writings of the mystics and quietists were the favorite reading with which he solaced his weariness and fed his heart. In his lonely hours of trial and tears, he was not alone; for he felt that the Father was with him. He seemed to lie down and to rise up, to work and to walk, to sow and to wait, in the constant refreshing presence of the Infinite Justice, Wisdom, Goodness. He had meat to eat which tyrants, sluggards, self-seekers, and all that sort, know not of. A large part of his preaching, far more than the public would easily believe, was directed after the gravitation of his own soul to this theme: the verity and the delightfulness of the love of God; the grounds, aliment, and fruitions of the inner life of piety. No hypocrite was he, professing what he believed not, pretending what he had not experienced; and it is therefore significant of much that the lines oftenest on his lips were these:

> "'Nearer, my God, to thee;
> Nearer to thee;
> E'en though it be a cross
> That raiseth me.
> Still all my cry shall be,
> Nearer, my God, to thee;
> Nearer to thee.'"

Here we have such vague terms as "the omnipresent mystery," the "Infinite," etc., but no tangible, practical view of Christ. Again, Mr. Alger says:

"The poetic perception and enjoyment, the sympathy of genius, which he largely carried into other departments, seemed to forsake him—rather were borne down and thrust aside by stronger passions and faculties—in the department of polemic theology or sectarian criticism. His tremendous earnestness in the battle necessitated this: it could not be otherwise. It is true that, while he had a tender reverence for the natural sacraments, his independent and inevitable search and thirst for what is absolute in religion, often made him seem contemptuous of the conventional sacraments. Unquestionably he did, in consequence, often offend sequestered good taste and shock complacent respectability."

"Reverence for the natural sacraments"—if any one knows what this means—in distinction from the positive institutions of Christianity, marked the piety of Mr. Parker. Is this a *Christian* faith?

Another ardent eulogist of Mr. P. is Rev. O. B. Frothingham of this city. With characteristic frankness, this eulogist says:

"I own to you, my friends, it seems to me a descent to leave this elevated plane of thought for the level of sectarianism, and to ask if Mr. Parker was a Christian. He was and he was not. If to accept the popular theology is to be a Christian, Mr. Parker was none; for he rejected that theology from its first axiom to its last result. If to believe all one finds written in the New Testament is to be a Christian, Mr. Parker was none; for the New Testament was to him only an imperfect record of early Christian ideas. If to look up to Christ as one's *Master* in thought or life is to be a Christian, Mr. Parker was none; for, with the deepest reverence for Jesus, and the tenderest love for him, and the sincerest acknowledgment of his inestimable service to mankind, he questioned his infallibility, and refused to call him Lord over the humblest soul. If an acceptance of all Christ's moral teachings is necessary to constitute one a Christian, Mr. Parker was none; for he unreservedly questioned the practicability of Christ's precepts; and, for his own ethical principles, fell back upon the primeval instincts of human nature. In fact, under no technical definition of the term 'Christian' could Theodore Parker be included. But if he is entitled to be called a Christian who holds Christ's deepest and most transcendent truth—the Divine Fatherhood, and the Brotherhood of man, the essential divinity of human nature, and the omnipotence of the Divine Love in the realms of error and sin; if he is a Christian who aspires to be perfect as his Father in heaven is perfect, struggling incessantly, and amid tremendous difficulties, to reach the highest standard of virtue, and to beget in himself the peculiar qualities of the Christian life—humility, devoutness, patience, forbearance, forgiveness, and loving-kindness; if he is a Christian who leads a consecrated life, holding himself, with all his gifts and goods, at the service of his fellow-men; if he is a Christian who takes the cross, and bears it faithfully, night and day, through evil report and good report, and only prays for strength to carry it yet further on—then I honestly declare Theodore Parker to have been a Christian; and have no hesitation in expressing my belief that Jesus would cordially have acknowledged him as among his truest disciples."

We leave it to our readers to judge which of these two forms of statement represents the Christian faith. Is he a *Christian*, a disciple of Christ in any just meaning of that term, who refuses to call Christ his Lord, who questions his infallibility, who refuses to look up to Christ as his Master in thought and life, who even refuses to accept all Christ's *moral* principles, and for his religious faith and guidance falls back upon the primeval instincts of his own nature, and certain vague and vapid generalities about the Divine Fatherhood and the essential divinity of human nature? Is there any Christianity in such a religion?—any more than in the moralism of David Hume, who indirectly borrowed ethical principles from the Bible whose authority he refused to recognize? Does speaking respectfully and tenderly of Jesus make him a disciple of Christ, who yet refuses in anything to acknowledge Christ as a Master?

The Christian Inquirer, the organ of "Liberal Christianity" in this city, thus speaks of Theodore Parker in relation to Christianity:

"In his rejection of a specially revealed and divinely authorized revelation, we look upon Mr. Parker as the victim of learning run mad, of criticism that has overleaped itself, of an audacious irreverence, which, hating pope, priest, and king, has assailed without discrimination that holy faith which is erroneously supposed to justify the arrogant claims of these potentates, and which is blindly made accountable for all the crimes committed in her sacred name. Catholicism was the premise, and the French Encyclopedists were the conclusion. Calvinism and Lutheranism, equally or more stringent, were the premise, and German hypercriticism was the inference. But it is not for the citizen of another country to appropriate wholesale the morbid results thus produced under a stress of circumstances, and adopt either French deism, or German criticism, as the last and best induction upon the august and infinite theme upon which ages have been employed, but which they have not exhausted.

"And in connection with this view we cannot but regard it as an infelicity and deficiency in Mr. Parker's constitution, that he was not largely endowed with moral imagination, or the faculty of projecting himself into the mind of others, picturing to himself their state, and thus reproducing for his own use and estimation the intellectual and moral conditions of other persons, generations, or nationalities. He showed this lack of appreciation in his survey of the single characters of Washington, Webster, Adams, Jefferson, and other subjects of his celebrated lectures, and in his more reckless criticisms upon the character of Jesus. His estimates became by this defect, to some extent, caricatures, not characterizations—human Frankensteins, not the flesh and blood of man and woman. He had a big Socratic brain, cultured, stored, and working like a steam-engine; but its fiber was not fine. Its sympathies were earnest and sincere, but narrow; and the movement of his nature may be symbolized by lightning rather than by light."

The Inquirer then gives this admirable analysis of Parker as a critic of the Gospels:

"We attribute to this cause, viz., the want of a large and appropriating moral imagination, Mr. Parker's assault (for it can be called no less) upon the New Testament and its great Subject. He was just and conscientious to a fault. He would not intentionally wrong a fly; but he did wrong, misapprehend, and misrepresent flagrantly, under the lead of his adorable principle from Europe; and with this inaptitude of his nature to set him right, and show him the incredible fallacy and presumption of his and their position, he did wrong the King and Commander of men. He did not detect in that lowly mein Christ's surpassing majesty. He arraigned some of his grandest acts as fractured by self and sin; he parceled out his sublime precepts among Jewish rabbins and priests; he spoke patronizingly of the Nazarene youth as doing very well for his day and nation, but as one still to be outgrown by the coming Man; and in fact, and in a word, he measured the miracles and promises of Jesus Christ by his own standard, throwing away a good part of the Gospels themselves as mythical, and making no allowance for those impalpable, spiritual elements, which, like light and magnetism, and perhaps even finer fluids, hold the world together, and give it its everlasting beauty, its motion, and its life. Revolving around the center of his own strong personality, Mr. Parker, we feel, was always the critic, never the disciple of Jesus Christ. He admired him; he patronized him; he eulogized him; but he did not believe *in* him, though he believed *about* him. We are not saying that he did not adopt Christianity as, on the whole, the best religion thus far attained; but he did not regard it as final, or as the absolute religion, but only as one of the faiths, and a stepping-stone to something further and better. Like a Jew, he was still looking for the Messiah, though not in the Jewish sense. The Christ, the Word out of eternity, the grand completed ideal of God, God's pattern of a man, was still a desideratum to him.

"In this want of Christ, in the discipular sense, we discern, we think, some of the defects of Mr. Parker's own career and character. The attributes of self-reliance, self-assertion, a daring independence, an irreverent questioning, the idea of appeal to brute force in reform of evils and sins, the spirit of fight, would have been favorably mollified and ameliorated if he had bowed at the foot of the cross."

Every eulogist of Mr. Parker has felt it necessary to apologize for his denunciatory and vindictive spirit, and his tone of "self-consciousness." Both these are quite at variance with the spirit of Christ and his Gospel. Sometimes, indeed, where a true Christian faith exists, such unhappy exhibitions of dogmatism and egotism may be set down to the score of human infirmity. Sometimes they indicate a brain disturbed by the conceit of some mission akin to that of the inspired prophets of the Old Testament. But in Mr. Parker *ego-ism*, self-exaltation, self-assertion, self-worship, was the natural fruit of a religion founded upon "the essential divinity of human nature," acknowledging no sin, needing no Redeemer. Honest Mrs. Poyser (in "Adam Bede") had a proverb that "some men are like a cock who thinks the sun rises to hear him crow." When we see a man standing up in his intense self-sufficiency to criticise the practical wisdom of Christ's precepts, to question his infallibility, and to assert his own "primeval instincts" as superior to Christ's authority, we are reminded at once of the crowing of the cock and the denial of our Lord.

We have already said that Mr. Parker has built no system that will survive him, and has left no permanent record of good. *The Inquirer* thus estimates his work:

"Mr. Parker has rather powerfully agitated than finally settled the mind of his time and country by his special views. Indeed, we have always felt that his absolute religion was a philosophic dream, that had no living roots in human consciousness. As has been well said, there are no absolute religions, but only positive and special religions. Man was not made to live in an exhausted receiver. Mr. Parker has left no theology proper, no church, but a Fraternity; no systematized and affirmative statement even of his own personal belief, but only a series of bold and brilliant discourses and criticisms upon the views of others. He has said nothing, and he has instituted nothing, that will materially change the march of Christianity, except in his beautiful essays upon the inner and transcendental light of religion in every soul of man, and his identification of a high spirituality with the greatest cheerfulness, ease, and joyfulness of life. In many an illustration, many an eloquent passage, many a rare and profound thought, he will be gratefully remembered. But he really, with all his shining parts and affluent stores, has done less for religion than many a humbler and weaker man, because he took a position outside of Christianity, not inside, and worked, not in the advancing line and onward current of its great forces, but in one of the side eddies of the shore. Would that he had been, or could have been, caught up into a more vital Christian experience, and undergone a more decided exercise of the peculiar emotions and sentiments which belong to one who receives Christ as his all in all in his spiritual course, and looks at God through the appointed medium, and distrusts any views of his character that are not reflected in the spotless mirror of Jesus Christ."

A foreign journal gives in these few words the truest and best criticism upon Mr. Parker's ministry, in relation to reforms:

"In three modes he seriously hindered in America. 1. He shook man's faith in *prayer*, which alone can keep the heart of the reformer cheerful, sweet, and strong. 2. He shook man's faith in the *Bible*, from which all modern reforms have rolled. 3. He weakened man's sense of *sin*, furnishing men with a ready-made apology for the crimes against which he fought, drugging the conscience with opiates of his theology, while he struck at it with the goad of his ethics. While he spoke one sharp word against a special sin, he spoke ten against the possibility of any sin. His theology kills the air, so that the reform cannot live there. And we are to remember that he never forgot that he was a *preacher*, a preacher of a religion which he expected would supplant the Christianity of the New Testament. He ever kept his mark in view, and whatever he might transfix on the way, the arrow was aimed at Bible Christianity. When we see, then, that fundamental error permeated and poisoned all his work, notwithstanding the courage and even sublime fury of his assault on mighty sins, we are forced to regard his career, on the whole, as a *backward eddy* in the great, on-sweeping current of human reform."

WHO IS DR. DELANEY?

The colored gentleman to whose presence in the Statistical Congress Lord Brougham called the attention of the American Minister, had special claims to this public attention from his Lordship, and should have been welcomed by Mr. Dallas as a representative of his countrymen. Dr. Delaney has recently returned from an exploring tour in Western Africa, and is bent upon the elevation of his race, with a large-hearted philanthrophy and a practical good sense that prove him to be a *man* in every meaning of the word. The English papers give the following report of his speech before the African Civilization Society:

"Dr. Delaney expressed his warm approval of the objects of the Society. He would not give one cent for all the assistance that could be afforded to the colored people by sending them out gratuitously. In his opinion, the comparative failure of the Liberian colony was owing to the sending out promiscuously of all the people who could be got together, without any self-help on their own parts, and then keeping them for six months in a sort of hospital, called a 'receptacle,' where they actually waited for sickness, instead of going to work at once, while they were well. It was the very way to bring on sickness which they might otherwise have escaped, and, at all events, it begot inactivity and indifference. Make them find a part of the money themselves, and afterwards repay what was advanced, so that they might retain their self-respect, and feel themselves responsible. It was advisable, while working in harmony with the religious missions, to make the present movement purely secular. They must go to Africa with the Bible in one hand and Wayland's 'Political Economy' in the other. (Laughter and applause.)"

PAUL AND ONESIMUS.

Those commentators and divines who maintain that Onesimus was a fugitive slave whom Paul required to return to his master, and who argue from this the Christian duty of returning runaway slaves under our fugitive-slave law, must be delighted with the following commentary on their doctrine, which we republish from our news columns of last week:

"A slave belonging to Mr. Duval of Petersburg, Va., ran away five years ago, and was recently recaptured at Richmond, after a hard tussle with the policemen. He was handcuffed and placed on board the cars, and Mr. Duval left for home with him. On leaving the cars Mr. Duval put him in a buggy and drove toward home. On the way the negro managed to slip one of his handcuffs and commenced an assault on his master. A severe struggle, which lasted half an hour, was the consequence, and Mr. Duval was nearly overpowered, when a clergyman happened to approach and lent his assistance in overpowering the negro. The latter was then bound with ropes and spare reins, but the refractory slave snapped the ropes that were twisted about his arms like so much twine, and again made desperate resistance to the efforts to subdue him. At this crisis the clergyman's wife produced several yards of cotton cloth which she had in her carriage, and with this the negro was bound beyond the possibility of escape and taken safely home. Both Mr. Duval's and the negro's clothing was almost completely stripped from them, such had been the vigor and 'miscellaneous' nature of the fight."

That is a poor doctrine of Christianity that cannot be reduced to practice, and a scene like this is the best test of the humanity and Christianity of the arguments urged in support of the fugitive-slave law. Look these facts fairly in the face. Here is a man that has been guilty of no crime but that of running away from oppression. For five years he has tasted the sweets of personal liberty, though always carrying with him the dread of being captured and brought again into bondage. At last that dreadful fate is upon him; bound hand and foot, he is delivered to his old master, who will but glut his own revenge upon him, and then sell him into a more hopeless slavery. Despair gives a sudden energy to his will, and strength to his limbs. Struggling with his captor, he has already half regained his freedom, and in a few moments will have escaped to the swamp, or the mountains, to follow the North Star to a place of safety. At this instant there approaches a minister of the Gospel of Christ, and a woman bound to him by the sacred tie of wife, who doubtless is also a professor of the religion that her husband preaches. This Christian minister, whose sympathies should all be with the weak and the wronged, takes sides with the oppressor, and helps to bind the struggling captive. He knows well enough that this negro is not a thief nor a murderer held in the bonds of justice. He knows well enough that he meditates no crime against his master, and that all his blows and struggles are but an effort to be free. He helps the master *as* a master to bind and hold the negro as his slave. Upon the highway he helps to kidnap a fellow-man, and to rob him for ever of his inalienable right to liberty. He helps to deliver this brother man to the behests of cruelty and avarice, and to a state in which his use of muscle, and limb, and time, and thought, his enjoyment of domestic love, and even his hearing of the Word of God, must be at the caprice of another, who claims to own him as he owns a brute. And that woman, heedless whether this captive has also a wife and a home, helps with her hands to bind him as a slave. Surely this minister and his wife must stand arraigned at the bar of God, for that crime of man-stealing which the law of Moses punished with death, and the law of Christ reserves for a greater condemnation. We demand to know the name, and the ecclesiastical relations, of this minister. Is there a church anywhere that will own him? Is there a minister anywhere that will give him the hand of Christian fellowship?

And yet this crime of man-stealing to which he was a party, is but a logical result of the arguments of those who insist that it is a Christian duty to obey every human statute, and that the example of Paul requires us to return the runaway slave to his master.

OLD-SCHOOL DOCTORS.

A correspondent of *The True Witness*, an Old-School Presbyterian paper published in New Orleans, is greatly embarrassed by the decision of the General Assembly interdicting the use of honorary titles within its halls. He says:

"We would beg leave to suggest for the consideration of those who shall hereafter become members of that august body, that the Assembly have as yet only accomplished half their work of curtailment. They should abolish the title of reverend, and leave us nothing but plain *John Smith* and *William*, or better still, as more short, *Bill White*. We would further suggest that early in the sessions of the next General Assembly a committee be appointed to take into consideration whether a still further curtailment might not be made in the names of its members. Why give men two or three names, when one will answer every purpose? Should this reform be carried fully out, we will not undertake to say whether some men will not be left in the predicament of Franklin's hatter's sign—without any name at all. Let reform go forward, and let the future take care of itself."

Many will share in the perplexity of this correspondent as to the mode of accomplishing a desirable reform in the use of the Doctorate. It is of little avail to decline the honor. An eminent Professor being asked what led him to decline the degree of *D.D.*, frankly answered, "Nothing but *pride*;" and those who follow his example are quite as likely to be suspected of a lurking pride in their individuality, as to be praised for their humility. On the other hand, one who has never desired the title, but simply endures it when it comes, may be accused of vanity, because in spite of himself, editors and publishers parade it, or of affectation and false humility, if he studiously ignores it.

It seems to us that the true solution of the whole matter of honorary degrees is very simple. Mr. Beecher came near it, when he said that "the use of such a title ends with the public expression of a wish to confer it." We say, rather, that the use of such a title lies in the simple record on the college catalogue of the fact that it has been conferred. The title belongs to the sphere of the college and the university. No one thinks of saying Dr. Choate, because Mr. Choate had received the degree of LL.D. Why then should we say *Doctor* Adams because his pastor has received the degree of D.D.? Both are complimentary degrees conferred by the college in token of certain attainments in law or divinity. As such they are appropriate and honorable. Let them continue to be conferred judiciously, at the discretion of the colleges. Let them be appended as marks of academic and university honor to the names of the recipients in the college catalogue. But let them not be used as marks of distinction in private life, or in circles of ecclesiastical fellowship. Thus the use and value of the degree will be retained, and its abuses obviated.

POST-OFFICE TYRANNY.

A fresh illustration of that disregard of the public good which marks the administration of the Post-Office in this country, is given in the new requirement touching the mailing and delivery of letters in this city. The public have long submitted to the imposition of a charge of two cents upon each letter delivered by carrier. They had begun to be reconciled even to the unsafe and inconvenient boxes for the receipt of letters attached to the city lamp-posts. Both these inconveniences were endured without complaining, so long as the public had the option of using the neighborhood post and express offices established on private account.

About three months ago everybody rejoiced in the announcement that the carriers' delivery was reduced to one cent per letter—though this is one cent more than is charged in London, where letters are delivered free at the end of the route for the single penny stamp with which they are mailed. But hardly was this reduction announced when the Postmaster declared every street, avenue, lane, and alley of the city to be a post route, thus making it illegal for any private person or company to carry letters over the same. Thus all the private postal establishments which have proved so serviceable, and have been built up at so much expense—doing what the Department had neglected to do for the accommodation of the public—were in a moment abolished. And now an order is issued, requiring that every letter deposited in the Government boxes on the streets shall bear in addition to the regular mailing stamp, a penny stamp as collector's fee; so that one must now keep his wallet lined with blue postage stamps, or send his letters from one to five miles to be deposited in the General Post-Office. Thus the old two cent carriers' fee is regained, and the public have no option as to the mode of depositing their letters in the mails.

Private companies never charged more than one cent for this service; they were accommodating in their hours, and perfectly reliable. They always sent a messenger to the General Post-Office as late as nine o'clock in the evening. Now, if you chance to deposit a letter in the lamp-post box after seven in the evening, it remains there, exposed to any thief, till after seven the next morning, so that the depositor loses one day's mail, and runs the risk of losing his letter, and pays one cent for these privileges.

We respectfully suggest that no people less free and less willing to be humbugged than we are, could be thus trifled with in so great a public interest.

Public meetings should at once be held to protest against this petty tyranny, and to demand either the abolition of this new penny tax, or the restoration of the honest and useful private post company.

MORE EXPLANATIONS.

A member of the Executive Committee of the Nassau-street Tract Society is reported to have said, "The Secretaries have made us so much trouble by their cards and circulars that we must put a stop to that kind of literature." However, the "evangelical press" and the "sacred trust funds" continue to be used for explanations and apologies touching the policy of the Society. The latest official plea is that the Executive Committee are not responsible for "the seeming irregularities at recent anniversaries!" "*Seeming* irregularities!" Drowning the voices of speakers by outcries and hisses, offering personal insults to men like Judge Jessup, Dr. Tyng, Mr. John Jay, and Dr. Patton, springing the previous question to cut off reply to the Committee's special pleading, adjourning a meeting in order to prevent a Christian debate—these are only *seeming* irregularities. The Committee know well enough that they have drummed up the mobs that have made these disturbances, and that a word from them at any time would have checked such riotous proceedings.

But the card further says that these irregularities have "been occasioned by introducing matters of questionable relevancy." What are these matters? The proposal that the Committee should do in a Christian way what the Society, after a year of deliberation, voted it was its *right* and *duty* to do; and especially the proposal to publish suitable tracts against the slave-trade, which is now proved to be actively prosecuted from the port of New York! To propose that a Society formed to promote sound morality and vital godliness should look after such an iniquity, is deemed irrelevant by its Senior Secretary! The fact is, the churches are refusing to sustain the Nassau-street Society, and the card is a cry for money. *The New York Chronicle* says:

"The position of this institution is critical. Dr. Hallock, the Secretary, has issued a document referring again to the bond of union, that of issuing only what is 'calculated to receive the approbation of all evangelical churches.' He thinks the Society has made no changes in books that anybody ought to complain of, and also exonerates the Executive Committee from all blame in the matter of 'the seeming irregularities at recent anniversaries.' 'They have been contrary,' he says, 'to the wishes of the Committee, and occasioned by introducing matters of questionable relevancy.'

"The reasoning of the Secretary will be satisfactory to some, but by others, and a numerous class too, it will be regarded as totally inconclusive. And we opine that the Society here in New York will be to that in Boston as the house of Saul to that of David, the one growing weaker and weaker, while the other waxes stronger and stronger."

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CHURCH AT NORTHFIELD.

The following Resolutions, recently adopted by the Congregational church at Northfield, Ct., have been sent to us for publication as part of the public history of a painful case to which attention has been before called in our columns. We publish this document without further note or comment than is contained in these few lines. A private communication, touching the same matter, which has also been sent us in connection with the Resolutions, we decline to print. Its personal character, its temper, and the occasion which it would furnish for further controversy, all conspire to lead us to exclude it from our columns. The whole matter of the character and the relations of Dr. Richards is to be investigated soon, as we understand it, in connection with the forthcoming legal inquiry into his recent assault upon a gentleman in Litchfield. And till some issue is reached in this process, we prefer, for obvious reasons, to exclude, as far as possible, all discussion of the case from the pages of this journal.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That as his conversation, doctrine, and example with us have been sound and truly acceptable, therefore we deeply regret the necessity which impels him to this course; but the reasons

Notices.

The next Monthly Meeting of the Congregational ministers of New London co., Ct., will be held at the house of Rev. A. L. Whitman, Westerly, R. I., on the second Tuesday of September. T. L. SHIPMAN, Clerk.
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GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Agreeable to invitation of the Congregational Churches of Springfield, the undersigned, Committee of Local Arrangements, request persons who expect to attend the General Conference, to be holden in this city, Sept. 11, 1860, to notify the Chairman on or before Sept. 1st, who will furnish cards of introduction to families who will welcome them. If impracticable for any person to give such notice, they will be provided for on application to the Committee, at the Chapel of the First Congregational Church.

The Committee will furnish Free Return Tickets over the Western, Boston and Worcester, and Connecticut River Railroad.

E. MORGAN,
H. MERRIAM,
W. H. BOWDOIN,
O. W. WILCOX.
Springfield, Aug. 15, 1860.
612-613

North Trinity Church, Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, Minister. Chapel, Trenor Hall, corner Broadway and Thirty-fourth street. Services at 10½ A.M. and 7½ P.M. Bible-Class, 9½ A.M., and Sunday-school at 2 o'clock. 613

Married.

UPSON—FARLIN—At Sandy Hill, Washington co., N. Y., Wednesday, Aug. 22d, by Rev. President Fisher, Prof. Anson J. Upson of Hamilton College, Clinton, to Lydia Weston, daughter of the late Rev. J. W. Farlin of Warrensburg.

Died.

HOWARD—At Milan, Italy, on the 6th of last July, Miss Annie Howard, daughter of John T. and Mrs. Susan Howard. Her body was sent to America from Genoa, and reached her father's house in Brooklyn on Sabbath morning, Aug. 25th. At 5 in the afternoon it was borne to Greenwood. And as the sun was going down, her mortal body was laid to its rest. For a moment before the coffin was lowered, it paused, and the group of friends, among whom were several who had been companions of her travel, drew near and strewed it with flowers. But the root dead, because the leaf had withered. Springing from a better soil, it bears immortal blossoms, fairer and sweeter, even, than on earth. She died in Christian hope, and passed without a struggle to the arms of that Savior whom she had early professed and loved.

CARRYL—The death of Nathan T. Carryl on Sunday, the 19th of August, deserves more than a brief announcement of the fact.

Mr. Carryl, as a member of one of our largest banking firms, fairly earned the confidence of all who knew him. Remarkably unselfish and strictly honest, he had the respect of every one with whom he came in contact. And as a friend, "none knew him but to love him." When such a man dies, the world is poorer for his loss.

In the gentle exercise of characteristics which make acquaintance pleasant and friendship dear, he passed his life. In the full confidence of Christian hope and the full strength of Christian faith, he met his death. And his "chamber where the good man met his fate, was privileged beyond the common walks of life, just on the verge of heaven."

As the pulsations grew weaker, and articulation difficult, he felt that the hour of his departure had really come, and faintly but distinctly whispered to the ear of affection, "I have fought the fight, and Jesus Christ has won for me the victory. I am now perfectly happy."

After the power of utterance was gone, as the promises and hopes of the Gospel and the consolations of the Savior's love were told to him, his eye brightened in response with the love of God and hope that is full of immortality.

And then he sank to his rest so peacefully that loving friends could not tell the moment when he entered upon the eternal recompense of reward.

TUKEY—In this city, August 16th, at the age of 33, Isabella, wife of Stephen H. Tukey and daughter of William Bartlett, late of Portland, Me.

Appointed in the mysterious providence of God to a life of suffering, her nature, loving and gentle, was ennobled by the "perfect work" of patience, and exalted by an unshaken and serene faith, in the midst of distressing physical infirmities and sore bereavement.

The progress of disorganizing disease beclouded her last days, but only, as we hope, to render more glorious her transition to the presence of that faithful Savior, who maketh glad according to the days of her affliction and the years wherein she had seen evil.

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We are now happy to inform the public that, owing to largely increased facilities in manufacturing, we have concluded upon offering

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"The Second Class produces what is called a Grover & Baker, or 'Double-Thread Loop-Stitch,' which is made by a loop of the upper thread being thrust through the fabric, through which a loop from the lower thread is passed, which has again a second loop of the upper thread passed through it, and thus continuing, the upper and lower threads interlooping one another.

"This class of Machines can, by a very slight change in the form of the looper, be altered into a single-thread machine.

"The Third Class is the single-thread Machine, which produces a chain or loop-stitch on one side of the fabric, and is usually called the 'Chain-Stitch.'

"No. 109. Made by Finkle, is a Shuttle Machine, and has much to recommend it. The shuttle is carried in a cradle, as the inventor asserts, to avoid friction in the shuttle race. The feed is the 'wheel feed,' operated by the toggling pawl, certain in its operation, and simple in adjustment; tension is from a rod, around which the thread is twisted, each turn increasing the tension; a peculiarity is claimed in the operating cam. The groove in this cam, which gives motion to the needle bar, is so arranged that the needle bar is at no time actually at rest, but its speed, as it approaches the centre or bottom of its stroke, is gradually increased or diminished. The Machine works with a short needle, and the loop thrown off for the shuttle to pass through is very small; the slack of the thread is drawn up by a peculiar lever, operated by the needle bar, and seems to work with great precision. In the work done by this Machine for the inspection of the Committee, the operator stitched from fine gauze to thick cloth and leather, without any change in the feed, needle, or tension. The Machine is generally run at a high speed—it runs very lightly, and with but little noise.

"Reviewing the merits of the foregoing Machines, in regard to excellence of mechanical arrangements and adaptation to great range of workmanship, the Committee give preference in order of merit:

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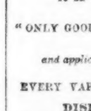

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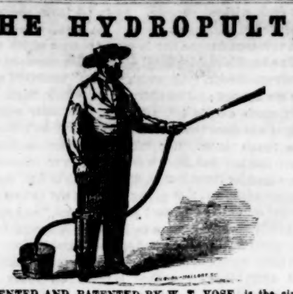

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SUNSET ON THE MOUNTAIN.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

The *Sirius* days are come, the hottest of the year! The golden summer-flood which long ago whelmed all the lowlands, has been steadily rising for weeks past, and has at last submerged even our Ararat of refuge. We have had a few days of extreme, enervating heat, in which we have not felt greatly disposed to exult over our stay-at-home fellow-creatures, quietly undergoing the baking process, in the great brick ovens of the city. Now, at high noon, the fierce old sun seems to wreak himself upon our mountain. The forest trees stand still beneath the chastening. That is a fine ear that can catch a murmur even among the pines. Not a ripple runs through the golden grain fields, or the bronze meadows. All is breathless silence in the mighty amphitheater around us. On the hill-side we hear no more that most musical of rural sounds, the whetting of the mower's scythe—nor the scythe itself, "singing through the grass." In the pastures, the cattle lie asleep in the shade, and flocks of sheep cluster together among the daisies—panting under the burden of their fleecy mortality.

But as day declines, the winds will arouse, and from their mountain caves sweep down the green and fruitful slopes—the forests will bow in joyful recognition—the grain fields will bend beneath their swift, invisible footsteps. A great tide of refreshment will be poured upon the table-lands, and fainting nature will drink as thirsting Israel drank when the hard rock of the desert opened its secret heart of pity, and gushed with divine relenting.

With evening, comes the sunset pageant, grander and lovelier here than I have anywhere seen it, out of Italy—where, when near the coast, I used to ascribe the endless changes of color—the exquisite softness and marvelous richness of the purple, amber, and violet hues, in great part, to the Mediterranean, over which the languid day declined. Here, so similar are the brilliant and lovely cloud effects, the delicious deelensions of color, one could almost fancy the blue Tyrrhenum just beyond those western pines.

A little way above our house, there is a hight, from which we can best behold the wondrous spectacle—the lingering transfiguration of the day. Every evening, we walk or ride to this spot. We feel that "it is good to be here." It has almost become to us a sacred mount, a shrine for unvoiced prayer—for the unseen offerings of the heart—love, awe, wondering and adoring thoughts.

As stood the Spanish adventurer,

"Silent upon a peak in Darien,"

and "stared at the Pacific," we stand, watching the sun, sinking in glory inexpressible—drowning in light;—and when he is gone, we still gaze on, with infinite yearnings in our eyes, as though the west heaven, with its mysterious depths of splendor and its cloud-hung vistas of purple and gold, were the majestic abiding-place of Deity, the pavilion of God.

Though before such pictures as these all memory of the masterpieces of human art grows dim in the soul, yet are not these, the sublime prototypes of nature, the divine authority and justification of imitative art?—as the dome of Peter's church is sanctioned and sanctified by the immeasurable arch of heaven.

All truly great landscapes possess a mysterious something of sublime expansiveness, bordering on the illimitable. We say of Turner's sea—

"Lo, where it comes, like an eternity!"

His sky seems broad enough to roof a continent. Martin sunk in his canvas bottomless chasms of blackness and piled on it Himalayan hights of grandeur.

We have in our city an artist, Mr. Hamilton, whose pictures are marked by this indescribable quality of airy infinitude—of vast depth and distance, in sky and sea—of magic expansiveness under the gaze.

There are marine views of his that almost cheat the eye and ear with the fixed surge and silent tumult of their waters. There are sketches of desert plains and dreary sedgy wastes, through which the imagination wanders on and on, and loses itself in loneliness profound—and there are marvelous sunsets, ever brightening circles of gorgeous light, which draw the spirit of the gazer into their golden depths—maelstroms of splendor and mystery. A true poet-painter is he—with a whole Italy in his soul, skies, waters, sunsets, aureate air, and all—though his feet have never trod that promised land of artists. His genius is like the sea he loves so well—affluent, fitful, ungovernable—now reveling in storm, shipwreck, and battle—now dreaming through the starry calm of soft Venetian nights.

It has sometimes been objected that his coloring is too intense—that his brush is dipped in too ardent dyes, his pencil tipped with light intolerable; but I every evening read his full justification in these mountain sunsets.

One of the pictures of this artist, in the late exhibition of our Academy, impressed me deeply, though perhaps more suggestively than directly. It was a golden dream of the East—a sunset view on the banks of the Nile. Far away stretches the historic and mysterious river—its sacred waves transmuted into gold. On its shore, amid the yellow sands, is a majestic ruin, on which one mounts up to the time of the Ptolemies, and in its shade reclines a group of Arabs, the picturesque ruins of that Oriental humanity whose ancient wisdom and power have shrunken into the world's stale traditions. They look of the past, like the massive architecture above them, and they would be missed as little from the world of to-day, should the great sand-waves arise and whelm them and it together. But nature in the scene is everywhere young and unworn; toward the east the sky is of a pure primal blue, and the west glows with unwasted splendor, such as the watching angels may have beheld from Eden gates. The hot sand sparkles as once it sparkled under the feet of the spice-laden camels of the Midianites, bearing Joseph into Egypt. The sunlight is the same that ripened the dusky bloom of Pharaoh's daughter; the river shines and ripples as on the morning when its waves kissed the bare feet of the maid of that soft-hearted princess; and the sedges and flags on the margin of the water grow as green and thick as grew those of their kind that sheltered the ark of little Moses.

This ever-renewed youthfulness, this immortal aspect of nature, seems to me an earnest of the restoration if not of the races, of humanity, to the old places of prosperity and power. Nature is ever patient, ever propitious, and waits on man through the ages.

May we not hope that the region on which God's smile rested first, and lingered longest, shall yet be redeemed, and the wilderness be made "to blossom as the rose?" May not a nation of men, true children of the sun, ardent, and free, and wise, yet succeed to the wild, nomadic tribes and base, inhuman Moslems that infest and desecrate those lands?—a people that shall cease to knock at the gates of buried cities, to question obelisks and pyramids, those sublime dumb witnesses of a mighty past, and begin to build new cities and monuments. May not the slow tide of Christian civilization, flowing westward, sweep round the world at last? May we not hope that when the reign of civil and religious liberty shall be established in Italy, the faithful earth will render up her dead beauty and glory?—that all over the Campagna, that pathetic waste, buried villas will arise from the dust, and forgotten gardens bloom anew—till the Eternal City, instead of being islanded in desolation, will be circled by fruitful fields and happy homes—a nobler sight to be seen from one of her seven hills, than the armies of a Cæsar returning from the conquest of half a world—than even the pompous procession of a Pope, coming back from Gaeta, guarded by the bayonets of two kingdoms?

And Greece—will she not yet arise to a glorious resurrection? Will not a regenerate race some time tread the soil so often sanctified by heroic blood, and breathe the air in which once thrived all manly and patriotic virtues, with Poetry, Art, and divine Philosophy.

Here where our morning light gleams on no Parthenon's marble front, yellowed with the suns of two thousand years—where no Pyramid of Cheops blocks up our sunset, it is difficult to believe that the earth around us is as ancient as Greece or Egypt—to realize that the spark of fire struck by my horse's hoof from the pebble in his path, is older than the fable of Prometheus—that the pebble itself may have been smoothed by the attrition of subsided waters, ere the Sphinx was hewn from the eternal rock. It is because nature here is yet unsubjugated by man and his art—has not yet been made the mere accessory of human history. These mountains have not been used as the scenery of great national tragedies. No outlaw's horn has awakened their wild echoes—no conventicle's psalms consecrated their solitudes. They have no Sempach, and no Thermopylæ.

The red men did not meddle with the works of the great mother, or mar her awful loveliness. They were content to live on her Spartan fare, and to pass away in her august presence. They left few monuments to sadden or puzzle their successors. Nature hides the memory of these her wild children deepest in her heart; she covers their secret graves with still shadows and tangled blooms, and smiles on.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

The dew of every morning freshens her immortal garlands—she ever renews her primal vigor and joy—she drinks from the fountains of God.

A NEW VERSION OF PSALM CXIV.

[We have received the following metrical rendering of this Psalm from Dr. Abraham Coles, known as the author of "Thirteen Versions of *Dies Iræ*."—Ed. Independent.]

When Israel, held in bondage long,
Out from the land of Egypt went—
She was His sanctuary strong
And from her midst His law was sent.

The Sea, affrighted, saw and fled;
Jordan, amazed, was driven back;
While down across the waters' bed
Dry-shod she kept her onward track.

The conscious mountains skipped like rams—
Sinai or Horeb in its place—
The quickened Hills leaped up like lambs,
Thrilled with deep awe from top to base.

Why fleddest thou, O Sea? and why,
O Jordan, did thy waters shrink?
Why were then left your channels dry
That moment Israel touched your brink?

Ye Mountains! why skipped ye like rams,
Sinai or Horeb in thy place?
And why, ye Hills, leaped ye like lambs,
Thrilled with deep awe from top to base?

Tremble, thou Earth, and be afraid!
The Lord, the God of Jacob, fear!
Whose presence turned the rock and made
The flint a fount of waters clear!

A. C.

THE SILVER KNIFE.

A True Incident.

BY ISABELLA G. OAKLEY.

All the world was astir in the village of L——, as cool, many-colored October stepped out of the calendar into our midst one morning, his hands filled with purple and golden fruit.

The juvenile world, that is; for there was to be a notable fair held by the school, an Industrial Exhibition, something quite new and exciting, planned by the enterprising teachers of our model Academy.

Early in the preceding spring, it was proposed to the school to hold an exhibition of the industry of the school, a World's Fair for the youthful world of L——. Every pupil should bring some work of his hand. It might be fruit or vegetable of his cultivating, or poultry of his raising, or any work of art or ingenuity. For the best specimens there were to be prizes given. We need only to leave to our young readers to imagine the strife and work of the summer. All started fair, but all reached not the end of the race,—many gave out before a month passed. But there were patience and perseverance still; and there were sowing and cultivating, busy working in stolen moments at all sorts of handiwork, secret councils with grown-up people, planning and overturning, constructing and pulling to pieces, enough to have sufficed to organize a convention.

The fair was to take place on the fifth of October. It was the morning of the first, a cool, brilliant morning, fit weather for studying; "fitter for chestnutting," said the boys. Half an hour before school, while the play-ground was a Bedlam let loose, the principal school-room itself was no less a young Bedlam through the busy chatting of forty or fifty boys and girls. It was a business meeting; and for confusion and disagreement we can't say that it fell much below the standard of a grown-up business meeting. The topic was the exhibition; the business was to nominate committees for the various duties of the occasion. Every school has its leaders, some natural leaders, and some made such through the influence of wealth and friends;—the elections soon settled on these few.

"Alice Bell must serve on the committee for dressing the room," said one of the boys; "she has the most taste."

"Yes, Alice, we put you down," said two or three others.

Alice Bell was the beauty of the school, a rosy-cheeked, dark-eyed, ringletted girl of fourteen, just passing into a woman. She tossed aside her pretty hair and said "she didn't know; she was sure she didn't want all the work to do."

"Oh, you'll have help, and you have so much taste, you know, Alice," said Sarah Mills, a fair, open-faced, healthy looking girl, whose plain braids and simple clothes bore no comparison to Alice's shining ringlets and tasteful dress. "Don't say no, we'll put you down, sha'n't we?" continued she.

"Not till I ask aunty," said Miss Alice rather haughtily, though with a look of pleased self-consciousness.

"And Hen Booth, let's name him committee of one to bring the evergreens; that puts him and Ally together," said Sarah, laughing.

"You're very kind and polite!" said Alice, darting a quick displeased look at Sarah, and walking away.

"Yes; Harry's just the fellow," joined in the rest; and the general voice deciding for him, he both declined and accepted, as was meet and proper.

The business proceeded, and was not yet half done when the bell for school interrupted it. Recess continued it, but now when Alice was called for to accept her place, she was absent. At length she was found at her desk poring over a book, with a very bright color in her cheeks, and a sparkle not quite soft in her eye.

"What's the matter, Alice—ain't you coming out? We want you to help do the business," said one.

"As long as Sarah Mills is there to couple me with every boy in school, I shall keep my seat," replied she.

"Pshaw! Sarah didn't mean anything, Alice; come."

"No, I sha'n't come. I sha'n't have anything to do with such an ill bred set that don't care anything for one's feelings!"

"Won't you be on the dressing committee, then? Ah do! do come! Sarah will make an apology."

"How do you know that? I don't think she knows how. No; I sha'n't have anything to do with it, I tell you."

Teasing could not accomplish anything, it appeared, and at length the girls went back with the news that Alice Bell was put out, and they must get some one else to serve in her place. And when the reason was inquired, whispers and glances threw the blame of the catastrophe upon Sarah, to her sincere distress. Sarah, through diligence and natural quickness, was a favorite with the teachers, and reputed to be the best scholar in school, and of course it was some satisfaction to her companions to have a good cause against her.

A substitute was found for Alice, but not until two or three persuading deputations had waited on her at her desk, without success. As to her taste, she was supposed to have great store of that quality, because her vain aunt dressed her in pretty clothes which she had no hand in making or selecting, and because she did much ornamental work which "aunty" contrived and always finished; so that Miss Alice's taste might be very much questioned, after all. The only girl in school who never seemed impressed by Alice's finery was Sarah Mills. Her homely, genuine common sense told her that Alice was neither to be respected nor feared for these things, and though she had made various advances, that young lady felt she had no influence over the "smartest girl in school," and consequently harbored a very decided ill-will against her. She would indulge in making sport of Sarah's clothes; and there were always enough with no more fashionable array than that they laughed at, ready to join her; she took every opportunity of displaying her own "breeding" by ridiculing Sarah's manners.

Unfortunately—though, as teachers run, or as men and women in general run, not very strange—the principal teachers quietly joined in the general flattery awarded to Alice. Her father was rich, and she an only child. How could they treat her just as they would treat another vain, unamiable, unstudious pupil, who dressed poorly and wore no ringlets? They were not blind to her character; they saw that it was superficial, and one at least suspected that she was false; though on this score full half of the pupils were wiser than they, and could say without hesitation that Alice Bell "told fibs." But Alice knew how to use the blandishments of embraces and smiles, of choice bouquets and fruits, to excellent advantage, and in spite of being a dull and disorderly scholar, still kept on their right side.

The day of exhibition at length arrived. Without Alice's indispensable help, but with a load of flowers from her father's garden, the large school-room was transformed into a fairy bower, with wreaths and pillars of green, and increased in size by a long evergreen booth erected in front of the porch. Every arrangement was at last complete; the various articles placed on long tables and hanging against the walls, with the name of the owner attached; visitors passed in and out, while the scholars, in holiday dress, roamed about with the crowd to look at each other's work, and speculate on the great question of the prizes. It was an exciting time. Two committees, male and female, composed each of the wisest men and best housekeepers of the town, inspected every article, and by their judgment it was to stand or fall. On the long tables, tastefully arranged, might be seen pumpkins and turnips, apples and melons in fair yellow array, cackling hens and geese in fanciful coops that would have done credit to the county fair, fair rolls of golden butter, loaves of bread, and every description of transportable cookery—the product of the industry of the domestic and agricultural genius of the school. There were specimens of useful needle-work, (fancy articles had been discouraged,) flourishing plants and baskets of fine flowers, pieces of nice mechanical ingenuity, carved boxes and toys, full-rigged ships and miniature wagons, prophecies all of an undiminished flood of patent-rights to issue from the Washington Patent-Office, "down the dark future;" displays of art in the shape of carefully drawn maps and nice pencilings, and, resplendent among the rest, a dog's head in oil-colors attested that there was genius among us, as there was *one* of the highest order.

As twilight advanced, countless candles shone among the green decorations, and refreshments were provided in the booth, where the pleasures of the day reached their hight. Sarah and Alice, with their friends, often passed each other, and at the table chanced to sit opposite; but to Sarah's mortification Alice held herself loftily silent, not deigning to speak to her once during the evening. Glad of the least pretext, she had acted the offended ever since the morning of the meeting.

"What has happened? You haven't quarreled with Alice, have you?" asked Sarah's mother.

"No, mother, I haven't quarreled nor done anything that was meant to injure her."

"If you have injured her unintentionally, you have not acted the part of a friend."

Sarah could not explain then, but she felt a self-supporting sense of integrity and right. After supper the guests were assembled in the school-room to witness the distribution of prizes, a trying and triumphant time for the pupils. To the one who brought the best vegetables, a set of garden tools was awarded; to the best horticulturist, a similar set, small and beautiful. Fanny Ross received this; and never did true gratification beam more beautifully from an innocent face than from hers, as she passed up, a blushing fairy in blue and white, to receive them.

Each prize corresponded with the nature of the work. The prizes were many, the gratification great, the disappointments severe. But so long as justice awarded them, they might be borne.

The last prize (why kept till the last no one knew) was a silver butter-knife, for the best butter. "This knife, to be awarded to the best butter-maker," sounded the voice of the gentleman on the platform, "belongs to——" and here all eyes turned toward Sarah Mills, who it was known had brought some beautiful rolls of butter entirely made with her own hands, "not by any means the first she had made," said Mrs. Mills, who prided herself on her daughter's thorough domestic education; but hark!—"belongs to Miss Alice Bell!"

Amidst the flutter of whispered astonishment on the part of the young people, Alice, in dainty white array, tripped up the aisle, and with a face glowing beneath her dark ringlets, accepted the knife with a graceful curtsey; while Sarah in her seat swallowed hard to keep back her tears, for she had confidently expected this prize, and, for her mother's sake, wanted it. The visitors murmured applause as Alice returned to her seat, while fully half the scholars looked into each other's eyes and said, "I don't believe—" and left the rest unsaid. Nothing could exceed their surprise at finding this prize taken by Alice, who had so often professed her contempt of "house-work," and boasted her ignorance of it.

Grave doubts entered more than one teacher's head as to the justice of this award; but it would not do for them to say a word against the child of "one of our richest men." It is not necessary; she shall be judged by her peers; and though she keep her knife, it shall have a double cutting-edge to pierce her peace and reputation; for it is most wholly undeserved.

The next day the whole exhibition was largely discussed at school, and particularly the affair of the knife. Scholars declared it was "a shame," that they *knew* Sarah deserved the knife most, for "she had done every single thing to that butter from skimming the milk to stamping the rolls"—and as to Alice's making butter, it was "laughable," "ridiculous to think of! She wouldn't soil her hands so much!"

Sarah kept quiet; only once, on being appealed to, she said "they didn't *know* anything about it—they had no right to condemn before they found guilty."

Meantime Alice, walking arm-in-arm with one of her flattering friends, declared she thought it was all an excellent joke to see so many people fooled and Sarah Mills put down.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean—don't you ever, ever tell, now—that all I did to that butter was just to give each roll one slap with the ladle; aunty made it, of course!"

"Why, Alice!" exclaimed her flattering friend, faintly—for she had a conscience.

"I don't care; I think it's a great joke! Sarah Mills didn't triumph over me, and I got the knife, and no one is the wiser!"

However, in spite of her injunction never to tell, some one was the wiser before long. In less than a week the whole school had heard that Alice Bell had said she only gave one slap with the ladle to that butter she took the prize for. This deep falsehood and unblushing confession shocked the moral sense of the school, a thing not readily shocked, either. Alice was first denounced, and then looked upon with suspicion, and at length neglected or shunned by all but a few fawning friends. Two or three boys of the merciless stamp took every occasion to taunt her with the affair. Henry Booth, who loved honesty better than he did beauty, (for he was but a boy,) soon found Sarah a much pleasanter girl than Alice to eat his luncheon with, and Sarah's popularity increased as much as Alice's diminished. There was nothing said by the teachers, though they knew the state of the case, and the affair, as it was said, died away.

It did not die, however; it remained in two living forms. One was that of a living sting of conscience in the young girl's mind: this is a worm that never dies, though sometimes it slumbers long—and another was a living *reputation* that at length became so unbearable that Alice was fain to leave school. "Aunty wished her to go where she could get a finish," she gave out.

Sarah said "she was sorry for her; she thought she must be very miserable. As for herself, she would rather have a clear conscience than twenty silver butter-knives."

"Or twenty curly wigs, either," said Henry Booth, with a shade of spite against his old favorite.

So, always the *one* thing is needful. You get many good things nowadays, but they're of no account unless founded in sound integrity and piety. With all thy gettings get understanding.

PLAGELLATION OF PENITENTS.

The editor of *The Church Journal* of this city, writing from Rome, thus describes this strange and revolting ceremony as witnessed by himself last March:

"Last evening, accompanied by a brother clergyman, I went to the Jesuit church in the Via Caravita, to be present at an extraordinary service, which an earnest but misguided spirit in the Roman Church has devised,—a service of self-scourging. A little before seven o'clock we entered a large church dimly lighted. The only lights were four candles about the altar, and five others surrounding a large letter M, (initial for *Maria*,) which stood high up on the wall, back of the altar. We seated ourselves on a bench ranged along the wall. The floor, covered with a carpet, was left entirely open and free from obstruction. Every here and there on this open space, and along the row of chairs outside the wall benches, or hid in the corners, were to be seen, in the dim light, figures kneeling in silent devotion. Now and then one would prostrate himself with his face to the floor. As far as I could judge, some seventy or eighty had entered, and were scattered about in different directions, when the doors were closed and bolted. The first portion of the service consisted of prayers and litanies very hurriedly chanted by a minister at the altar; to these a loud, musical response, or an occasional 'Amen,' was returned by the kneeling penitents. These prayers ended, a sweet tenor voice sang a solo, apparently some recital, perhaps the story of our Lord's suffering. As he closed, the lights above and below were extinguished, and the church was left in utter darkness. One almost imperceptible ray of light I did see, however, through an opening in the closed curtain of an upper window, or perhaps through the curtain itself. I saw the faint glimmering of a star in the heavens above. I could not but accept it as an augury that, though men seek to walk in darkness, God will not leave them to themselves, but still sends his light in upon them as in the days of those who saw the star in the east. At this point a voice was heard; of course no one could be seen. A priest began an exhortation founded upon our Lord's readiness and desire to suffer for our sakes. He spoke with slow and distinct articulation, and with the rich Roman cadence. Alluding to the approaching commemoration of our Lord's death, he quoted his words, 'With desire have I desired to eat the Passover with you before I suffer,' and enlarged upon the steadfast eagerness of Christ to fulfill his labor of suffering, of expiation. He became more and more impassioned, and spoke more rapidly and vehemently as he dwelt upon this point, and upon the contrast which our own ingratitude, coldness, and unwillingness to suffer, presented to Christ's self-devotion. As he warmed with this subject I could hear the self-inflicted scourges falling upon the backs of the penitents—not indeed with their full force, for it was not the proper time as yet—as if, like horses eager for the race, they were impatient to manifest their willingness to suffer in the likeness of Christ. The orator closed by asking, 'Shall we not at least show our love and willingness to deny ourselves by subduing our rebel flesh?' With these words, or rather with the words 'Miserere mei,' shouted by the penitents, the flagellations began in earnest. On every side, hard and fast the knotted scourges fell. [I have seen the scourges that are used; they are not large, but sufficient to inflict severe pain when forcibly applied for any length of time, and there can be no doubt that they were both forcibly and continuously used.] The rapid succession of reverberating blows sounded like a fierce shower of hail. I held my breath and bowed my head from a nervous and uncontrollable sympathy with actual suffering. It seemed as if the shower of blows would never end. Of course the time seemed longer than it was in fact; but it was long enough to make me wonder not only at the physical endurance, but also at the muscular force required for such incessant, rapid, and long-continued blows. The penitents, however, were able, *i. e.*, had the breath, all through the scourging to chant with a firm, loud voice some words of contrition, I think most probably the 51st Psalm; with the words of which, as I have said, the scourging commenced. After a lapse of some five minutes the bell rang as a signal to discontinue—at least so I understood it—the flagellations. It rang a second and third time before all had finished. Indeed, after the third ringing a few strokes were heard; some one in the body of the church cried out 'hist,' and at last the sad sounds ceased. Then that sweet tenor voice took up his song again; this song was followed by a chant with responses, and then the doors were unbolted, and the service was concluded. This exercise takes place three times during Holy Week, as often during the week preceding; and, I believe, at other times. I am told also that a similar service is held at some other churches. The penitents are said to undertake this flagellation of themselves voluntarily, as an expression of sorrow for sin, and to associate themselves with Christ in fellowship of his sufferings. Perhaps also the idea of acquiring merit thereby, or of expiating their own sins, or of averting God's wrath and temporal punishment, enters into the minds of some. Probably also, in certain cases, this is a discipline enjoined by the confessors as a penance."

This is not a story from the Middle Ages, nor a tale of pagan superstition. It was in Rome, the capital of Papal Christendom, and in this year of grace, that this humiliating spectacle was witnessed. Oh for a Luther to do for spiritual Italy what Garibaldi is doing for her political regeneration.

THE LITTLE CHILD AND THE COUNT.

A rich Count of Silesia, having frequently visited Berlin, Frankfort, and Paris, had imbibed a bitter hatred against Christianity.

One day the Count, walking over his grounds, heard the sweet voice of a child in a garden. He approached, and saw a little girl who was singing, seated on the grass, her eyes moistened with tears.

"Why do you weep? are you sick, my child?" asked the Count.

"No," she replied; "but I weep because I am happy—so happy!"

"How can you weep if you are happy?" said the Count, surprised.

"Because I love so much the Lord Jesus Christ."

"Why do you love him so much? He has been dead a long time. He can do you no good."

"No, he is not dead; he lives in heaven."

"And even if this were true, what benefit is it to you? If he could help you, he would give money to your mother, that she might buy you better clothes."

"I do not wish for money; but the Lord Jesus Christ will take me one day to himself in heaven."

"It is your grandam or some such person who makes you believe this."

"No, no; it is true, and it makes me glad." And the child's eyes filled again with tears.

These simple replies, this candor, this happiness in poverty, forcibly struck the Count's mind. He gave the child some money, and went away.

"Two things," he writes in a letter above cited, "occupied my thoughts on my return to the house, and the following days. I asked myself, How did such sentiments find their way into this child's soul? For I knew that neither the pastor nor the schoolmaster had imparted them. Next I wondered how a child of eight years of age could be filled with such sincere love; for I had remarked in the girl's eye an ardent affection for the Redeemer; I had seen that her soul was happy. In vain I sought a philosophical solution of this phenomenon; it was inexplicable to me."

While the Count meditated on these things, he remembered another incident. Having set off on a journey from Cassel to Gotha, eight or nine years before, he stopped at New Dietendorf, a settlement of Moravian brethren, and was led by curiosity, or to beguile the time, to one of their evening meetings. The pastor preached on a subject which appeared to him then very singular, namely: that the Lord honors persons who *profit by a child's conversation*. This sermon excited the Count's sneers rather than his sympathy. But the subject recurred now to his mind after his interview with the little girl. He thought continually on *profiting by a child's conversation*.

On his return home he was more serious, and avoided talking as before on religious topics. The pastor, his constant guest, was surprised at this reserve; but the Count did not speak of the conversation with the little girl, lest he should be ridiculed. A week afterwards he was called by his business to journey on the frontiers of Austria. His road led him to Gnadenfrey, another settlement of the Moravian brethren. He arrived there at night. "The next morning," says he, "I heard the bells ring, and was told it was the children's festival. The director allowed me to attend the love-feast, and the children's singing pleased me much. I went also to the evening meeting. The preacher delivered a touching discourse on the text, 'Have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?' Matt. xxi. 16. At the close of this sermon, the pastor made an affecting prayer, in which he commended to the church's remembrance children and youth. This service made upon me so strong an impression that I am sure it will last throughout eternity. I was bathed in tears. I felt something which I had never experienced in my life before. The question which the persecutor Saul addressed to Jesus on the way to Damascus, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' arose in my troubled soul. I continued to weep bitterly till a sweet peace had penetrated my heart. I felt then a tranquillity which words cannot express. I was convinced, to my great astonishment, that the name of Jesus—that name which I could not hear formerly without contempt—was become to me infinitely dear and precious, and that I had obtained mercy."

The noble Count of Silesia marches now faithfully under the holy banner of Jesus Christ, admiring and blessing the ways of providence. Probably the most learned theological arguments would have been powerless against his arrogant skepticism; but what learning was incapable of doing, the Lord did by means of a child.

INCONSISTENCY.

The London Saturday Review, in a notice of the travels of Dr. Krapf, an English missionary in Africa, says that "it would be difficult to find a volume which cuts more completely across the silly popular platitude that missions to the heathen are useless, and that wise men would confine themselves to our own heathens at home. It is strange that, if a man goes merely to hunt, or to make geographical discoveries, he is loudly applauded by the very people who speak slightingly of missionaries. To bring home hundreds of tusks and teeth and skins, or to show where a river rises, and what is the altitude of a mountain range, is thought to be a noble achievement; but to have crossed the plains where the elephants range, and to have ascended those unknown hights in order to give the greatest of blessings to the men who live there, is thought quixotic, and derogatory to the wisdom of civilized man. The real facts are just the other way."

Foreign Miscellany.

Triumph of Free-Trade.—Protection is at its last gasp. Its friends can only look on in helpless—certainly not speechless—agony, and see it breathe out its old, disreputable, pestilential life on the floor of the House where it has already wrought so much mischief. Free-trade has won her last victory, and has triumphed, in England at least, over all her foes. By all genuine free-traders the triumph of their faith will be beheld with sincere rejoicing. Even *The Times* admits that free-trade has had a glorious existence, and has gained glorious victories. But, according to its theory, the glory in former days consisted not in overcoming protection by superior numbers, but in gently winning over the friends of protection by its peaceful persuasions. The greatness of its triumph in the case of the Corn Laws was not the triumph of a good principle over a bad one, but the meek and submissive spirit in which the country gentlemen came over to the free-trade side, and sacrificed themselves to the general welfare! Had the paper-makers, it says, been converted in the same way, no doubt the abolition of the protectionist duty on paper would have been a glorious triumph of free-trade. But having been carried in spite of the protected interest, it becomes a mere buccaneering expedition in which the largest crew or the sharpest saber carries off the prize. Had this language been culled from the writings of George Fox, we should have wondered at the extraordinary length to which the zeal of him "of the leather breeches" had managed to hurry him. This is "not resisting evil" with a vengeance! Free-trade may be very excellent; but if free-trade is excellent, protection is injurious. And the injured public, convinced of this fact, are to sit patiently down, chewing the cud of their own wrongs, until the protected party chooses to acquiesce in the removal of the protection! Liberty is a very good thing, and tyranny a very bad one; so let the oppressed quietly submit to their sufferings until the despot himself chooses to acquiesce in the abolition of despotism! All the beauty of liberty will be destroyed unless the tyrant is made a moral convert. Her triumph must not be one of force, driving the oppressor from his throne, but a great moral triumph over the heart of the oppressor, inducing him to abdicate his power and retire into private life! Liberty might have remained blowing her fingers in the cold, with little chance of ever getting inside the door, had such language been held in England two centuries ago, or were such practice to prevail in Southern Italy now.

And, indeed, in spite of *The Times's* illustration about the conversion of the country gentlemen, we believe free-trade would have been in pretty much the same plight. We certainly had forgotten, and on referring to books we can find nothing to revive any memory of the pentecostal event thus alluded to. The lamb-like spirit of the country gentlemen was, according to the best of our recollection, expressed in cheering Mr. Disraeli's bitter invectives against Sir Robert Peel, and in dogging with malignant vengeance all the footsteps of that illustrious and patriotic statesman. Were the shouts and cheers that followed in the House of Commons, in agricultural meetings, in public assemblies, every more than usually savage invective against the character of the leading free-traders, the signs of penitence over past errors and the marks of conversion to the free-trade principle? We thought we remembered in 1852 following a poor melancholy train of protectionist mourners, who at last, convinced that their dear friend was really dead, bore his mortal remains sorrowfully to the earth. But we were, it appears, mistaken. The country gentlemen were at heart free-traders when the final extinction of the Corn Laws was voted. The only puzzle is, where did the minority, the large minority, who followed Mr. Disraeli, come from? They still clamored loudly enough for protection, and if they were not country gentlemen, who were they?—*Leeds Mercury.*

Italy and Garibaldi.—We are now at a new turning-point of the Italian question; is it to be solved by the Italians, and for the Italians, or by dynastic diplomacy, in the interest of dynasties and diplomatists? The position of the Government at Turin is full of peril and perplexity, and diplomacy is contriving to make its position still more perilous and perplexed, because professional diplomacy takes no thought of that public opinion which is the natural and necessary basis of a free government, whether in Italy or England, but pretends to decide a question of national rights and wrongs according to the convenience or caprice of foreign powers. Diplomacy—dynastic diplomacy, traditionally shudders at the abolition of a royal family, however execrable and contemptible, because it *is* a royal family, and maintains a court in which embassadors are accredited. Diplomacy shudders at the coarse simplicity and self-denial of a ruler who fights like a common soldier in the ranks of his countrymen, and whose civil list is calculated at eight shillings and sixpence a day. The life and conduct of Garibaldi are in embassadorial eyes subversive of all proper notions of government, and to be discountenanced as a most pernicious example. Antique virtue is all very well in Plutarch, but abhorrent to the well-regulated minds of ornamental *attachés*, and their useful chiefs. If Garibaldi carries his victorious army to the mainland of the Neapolitan States, the muttered curses of diplomatists will pursue him like a blight. His incredible honesty has already outwitted them. By his chivalrous reply to Victor Emanuel he disengages the responsibility of his chosen King, and liberates Count Cavour from the pressure of warnings and remonstrances. If he goes to Naples, it is not until the anarchy of good intentions struggling against the sullen perfidy and inert resistance of a doomed Court, demands the interposition of the strong and faithful hand that has set Sicily free. The Neapolitans are paralyzed and helpless; the Queen-mother, at Gaeta, organizes a bloody reaction under Austrian auspices: the demented young King prays to all his saints for succor, and trusts to his foreign mercenaries for final vengeance; one-half of the army is panting for pillage and massacre, and the other half eager to make common cause with the army of Italy; whilst a constitutional Ministry, halting between throne and people, takes arms to defend the dynasty it despises and distrusts from the liberator whose advent all the patriotism of the nation invokes with ardent expectation. Who but a diplomatist imagines that such a state of things can last, or ought to last?

The splendid action of Melazzo has lent a crowning luster to the heroic legend of Garibaldi. At Naples he is celebrated as a giant in battle, and worshiped as a saint in mercy. The odious story industriously circulated by the reactionary press of the boiling oil and the fusilades at Melazzo, turns out, of course, a stupid calumny. There was no boiling oil thrown from the houses at Melazzo on the patriot soldiers, and, though a few shots were fired from windows by a few Neapolitan gendarmes, not a single military execution took place after the capture of the town. If the throne of the Bourbons can be saved, it will not be by imputing Bourbon cruelties to Garibaldi. If the Bourbons could be got rid of without bloodshed, considerable difficulties, no doubt, might be spared to Northern and Southern Italy; but even if a fusion of the two kingdoms under one and the same royal house, though under separate kings, and preserving to each state its autonomy, should be impossible, at all events, for the sake of Italian independence and of the peace and tranquillity of Europe, the Bourbons must depart. The sooner diplomacy becomes convinced of this absolute necessity the better.—*London Daily News*, 10*th*.

The Japanese Visiting the Emperor of Russia.—That the Japanese are a shrewd business people, is the uniform testimony of all travelers. It is certainly no reflection on their proverbial sharpness, that almost at the same time the Japanese were in this country, and tickling our unsophisticated countrymen with the idea that they were doing an exclusive business in the line of Japanese diplomatic receptions, another Japanese embassy was entertained in St. Petersburg. A letter from that city, published in *The Chinese Express* of London, July 14th, announces the arrival of an embassy from the Tycoon, with presents from that potentate to the Emperor of Russia. It does not appear that they were carried to Russia by a Russian man-of-war, nor taken back by the same conveyance, nor do the Russians appear to have grown crazy over them, nor is it probable that they cost St. Petersburg as much as they did New York.

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French is spoken. The ablest masters are employed for French, Italian, German, Piano-Forte, Harp, and other accomplishments.

The spirit and practical life of the School may be learned from the Circular. Among its friends, most of whom have or have had daughters at his School, the Principal refers to Rev. Robert Baird, D.D., N. Y.; Rev. Thomas De Witt, D.D., N. Y.; Rev. Gardiner Spring, D.D., N. Y.; Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, D.D.; Rev. Asa D. Smith, D.D., N. Y.; Rev. Joel Parker, D.D., N. Y.; Rev. Abel Stevens, LL.D., N. Y.; J. Marion Sims, M.D., N. Y.; Mr. B. G. Pardee, N. Y.; Hon Moses Macdonald, Portland, Maine; William H. Allen, LL.D., Pres. Girard College; Rembrandt Peale, Phila.; Rev. H. D. Kitchell, D.D., Detroit, Mich.; Orrington Lunt, Esq., Chicago, Ill. For full information see Circular, for which address

612-616 Rev. D. C. VAN NORMAN, LL.D., Principal.

A GRADUATE OF WILLIAMS, WHO HAS had experience in teaching, and is conversant with the Classics, French, Drawing, and Belles Lettres, desires a situation as teacher of any or all of these branches. Satisfactory references and testimonials offered. Address Box 13, Brookfield, Mass. 613-614*

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FIRST OR AUTUMNAL TERM BEGINS WEDnesday, September 19, 1860.

Board and Tuition, per term, $75.

Second Term, First Wednesday in February. COMMENCEMENT, Fourth Wednesday in June.

In Preparatory Department, none received under twelve years of age. In the Regular Department, according to attainments, in any one of the four classes.

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Having attained a comparative maturity, through more than one quarter of a century, our Institution intends to augment continually its best arrangements; while expansion and progress characterize its successive stages, in hope of a nobler future of permanent and honorable usefulness. Its aim and scope—to furnish a thorough, superior, and especially a Christian education for our daughters at the smallest practicable expense.

For salubrity, adaptation, accessibleness, and every proper auxiliary, Leroy is justly deemed able, and well proved, as the site of our University.

IMPORTANT—though not indispensable—that scholars arrive the first week of the Term. Synopsis sent by mail, when desired.

SAMUEL HANSON COX, Chancellor.
Leroy, Aug. 15, 1860. 612-615

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HIGHLAND SCHOOL, WORCESTER, MASS.—English, Classical, Scientific, and Military. An interview with the Principal, on the school grounds will convince the careful parent of the unsurpassed advantages of this institution for boys between the ages of eleven and nineteen years. The fall term of the 86th year will commence on the 10th of September. Circulars forwarded.

612-614* C. B. METCALF, M.A., Principal.

PRIVATE INSTITUTION FOR IMBECILE YOUTH at Barre, Mass. Established in 1848.
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FRENCH INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG GENTLEmen. No. 92 Irving place, between Fulton avenue and Hanson place, Brooklyn. The Fall Term commences Sept 3d. The French will be the Language of the School. For Circulars, etc., address as above. L. J. SIMONIN and T. P. CORBALLY, Principals. 612-621*

WEST HAVEN FEMALE SEMINARY.—THE next Term will commence on Thursday, September 20th. Catalogues may be obtained by addressing Mrs. S. E. W. ATWATER, West Haven, Ct. 613-3teow*

HARTFORD FEMALE SEMINARY, MISS N. D. BANNEY, Principal, will reopen Wednesday, Sept. 5th. 612-613*

WEST HAVEN MALE SEMINARY.—THE FALL Term will commence the second Wednesday in September next. Additions to buildings are now completed, including Gymnasium. School flourishing; location unsurpassed; Principal *much* experienced in teaching; pupils board with the Principal; charges moderate. For catalogues address

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FLUSHING INSTITUTE, FLUSHING, L. I.—The next term of this Boarding-School for Boys will begin September 10th.

For Circular, etc., apply to E. A. FAIRCHILD.
610-614*

MRS. BENJAMIN'S FAMILY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, Brookfield, Mass., will reopen on the 19th of September.

REFERENCES: Secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M., Boston and New York; Prof. J. Tatlock, Williamstown, Mass.; Rev. Jos. P. Thompson, D.D., New York. For circulars apply as above.
610 613*

MISS HAINES

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HER FRIENDS and the public that her School will commence on THURSDAY, Sept. 20th. A punctual attendance of her pupils is respectfully requested. Circulars can be obtained at her residence, No. 10 Gramercy park, (East Twentieth street.) Applications for the admission of pupils to her school can be made by letter until the 1st of September. After that date, Miss Haines will be at Home to attend to them in person.
606-618Pet

GOLDEN HILL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LAdies, Bridgeport, Ct. The Fall Term will commence Sept. 4th. For circulars, address the Principal, Miss EMILY NELSON. 612-620*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—A MUSIC TEACHer, and one who will at the same time assist in teaching some of the common English branches in a Young Ladies' School. Address Mrs. H. W. SHIPMAN, Binghamton, N. Y.
Aug. 24, 1860. 613-614*

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611-614 REV. GEORGE T. RIDER, A.M.

LAW SCHOOL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.

The school year commences with next term, September 19th. For Circulars address H. BOOTH, Chicago, Ill. 610-616*

ROCKLAND FEMALE INSTITUTE.—THE next Academic Year of this popular Seminary, delightfully situated on the banks of the Hudson, two hours' ride from the City, will begin Sept. 13th. Those who desire to avail themselves of the advantages of the superior intellectual, moral, and physical training of this institution, should apply immediately to L. D. & C. F. MANSFIELD, Principals, Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

P. S.—The Annual Catalogue and Circular may be obtained of T. J. CROWEN, Esq., No. 699 Broadway; or by addressing the Principals. 610-614

GREENLEAF FEMALE INSTITUTE, ON BROOKLYN HEIGHTS,
No. 106 Pierrepont street, corner of Clinton.
ALFRED GREENLEAF, A.M.,
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This first-class Boarding and Day School will recommence its regular sessions Sept. 16th.

Twenty-three years of uniform success in the same community, an able corps of well-furnished teachers, and untiring, persevering energy, are our guarantees for the future. Circulars forwarded. 611-616

The Lancaster Mansion School.

THE NEXT TERM WILL COMMENCE WEDnesday, Sept. 12th. The location of this FAMILY SCHOOL is one of the best in New England. Thorough instruction will be given in the ENGLISH BRANCHES, the CLASSICS, MODERN LANGUAGES, MUSIC, and DRAWING. For further particulars, inquire of the Principal, M. C. STEBBINS, A.M.
Lancaster, Mass., July 14, 1860. 611-2 cow

MAPLE HALL.—PROF. ANDREW'S BOARDING-SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, at Jamaica, L. I., Twelve miles from New York,
Will reopen on Monday, September 10th. 612 615*

DUTCHESS COUNTY ACADEMY, POUGHkeepsie, New York, begins the Fall session 3d of Sept. $40 a quarter of eleven weeks, for Board and Tuition in all branches necessary for Business or College. Address WILLIAM McGEORGE, Principal, for a circular. 612-615*

SELECT FAMILY SCHOOL FOR BOYS, POUGHKEEPSIE. Dutchess county, N. Y., commencing Sept. 5th. The number of pupils limited. For circulars apply to
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NOS. 88 AND 90 MONTAGUE PLACE,
Brooklyn, New York.

This popular and useful Institution for the Education of Young Ladies, founded by the late Prof. Alonzo Gray, LL.D., has been in successful operation for over twenty years. Pupils have been drawn to it from all parts of the country, and it has always maintained the highest rank as a school.

It is henceforth, in consequence of the death of Prof. Gray, to be under the charge of Prof. Charles F. West, LL.D., heretofore, for more than twenty years, Principal of the Rutgers Female Institute, in the city of New York, and of a similar institution in the city of Buffalo. It is his design to conduct the Seminary on the same general and comprehensive plan which has always distinguished it, and to make it in all respects as deserving in the future as it has been in the past, of the patronage of parents who seek for their daughters a sound and polished education.

Most of the accomplished teachers heretofore employed in this Institution, will continue in charge of their respective departments. The Senior Department will be under the direct charge of the Principal, assisted by Miss A. G. Hoadley, who for many years has held the highest position in the Spingler Institute in New York.

Ample arrangements have been made for pupils who may desire to board in the family of the Principal. Such pupils will be under the special care of Mrs. West, who speaks two or more modern languages has had a large experience in the management of young ladies, and whose constant attention will be given to promote their welfare. Mlle. Milton, the excellent French Teacher of the Seminary, will reside in the family of the Principal, and will make the French language, as far as practicable, the medium of conversation.

The Fall Term of the Seminary will open on Monday, September 10th.

Applications for admission, or for circulars giving more particular information, may be made to Prof. West, at Buffalo, until the first week in August, and after that at Brooklyn.

R. S. STORRS, Jr.,
President of Board of Visitors.

Persons from abroad who may wish to make inquiry concerning the School, are respectfully referred to either of the following gentlemen:

Isaac Ferris, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor of the University, New York.
Chas. Loomis, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics, do.
Horace Webster, LL.D., Pres. Free Academy, N. Y.
Rev. J. J. Owen, D.D., Prof. of Greek Language, do.
Rev. M. S. Hutton, D.D., New York.
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PIANOS, MELODEONS, ALEXANDRE ORGANS, and all kinds of MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC-BOOKS, and all kinds of Musical Merchandize, at the lowest possible prices. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, from $25 to $150. Pianos and Melodeons to rent, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same.
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GOLD MEDAL GRAND AND SQUARE PIANOS. STEINWAY & SONS, Manufacturers, No. 84 Walker street, near Broadway, N. Y. Received the highest premium when and wherever they brought their Pianos in competition with the best makers of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. Among the judges were GOTTSCHALK, W. MASON, WOLLENHAUPT.

Every Piano warranted for three years. Prices moderate.
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WILLIAM OSTRANDER,
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DEALERS RECEIVE

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When preferred, a Discount from the Premium will be made in lieu of participation in the Profits.

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R. L. HAYDOCK, Secretary. 563-634*

DIVIDEND.

Security Fire Insurance Company.

Capital	$500,000
Surplus, August 1, 1860	133,584
	$633,584
Liabilities	$6,400

☞ THE DIRECTORS HAVE THIS DAY DECLARED a semi-annual CASH DIVIDEND OF FOUR AND A HALF PER CENT. on the capital stock of this Company, payable on demand; and also a "Dividend to Policy-Holders" of 27 per cent. on the earned premiums of all "Participating Policies," (according to terms of agreement,) for which scrip will be issued on first October next.

JOSEPH WALKER, President.
R. L. HAYDOCK, Secretary. T. W. BIRDSALL, Vice-President. 611-614

ATLANTIC
Mutual Insurance Company.

NEW YORK, JAN. 27, 1860.

THE TRUSTEES, IN CONFORMITY TO THE Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1859.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1859, to 31st December, 1859	$4,497,466 28
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1859	1,396,178 85
Total amount of Marine Premiums	$5,893,647 13
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1859, to 31st December, 1859	$4,480,947 02
Losses paid during the same period	2,405,792 96
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	502,842 41

The Company have the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$2,567,021 01
Real Estate, Loans secured by Stocks, Bonds, and Mortgages, and otherwise	935,510 00
Dividends on Stocks, Interest on Bonds and Mortgages, and other Loans, sundry notes, reinsurance, and other claims due the Company, estimated at	115,407 48
Premium Notes and Bill Receivable	2,181,999 53
Cash in Bank	182,794 65
Total amount of Assets	$6,002,732 67

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the seventh of February next.

After reserving TWO AND A HALF MILLION DOLLARS of profits, the outstanding certificates of the issue of 1858 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the seventh of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of THIRTY-FIVE PER CENT. is declared on the net earned Premiums of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1859, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the seventh of February next.

The profits of the Company, ascertained from the 1st July, 1842, to the 31st of January, 1859, for which Certificates were issued, amount to $8,882,470
Additional profits from 1st January, 1859, to 1st January, 1860 1,539,000

Total profits for 17¼ years $10,428,470
The Certificates previous to 1858 have been redeemed by cash 6,619,220

Net earnings remaining with the Company on 1st January, 1860 $3,809,250

By order of the Board,

W. TOWNSEND JONES, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

John D. Jones,	Edward H. Gillilan,	William E. Dodge,
Charles Dennis,	Royal Phelps,	Dennis Perkins,
W. H. H. Moore,	Caleb Baratow,	Joseph Gaillard, Jr.,
Thomas Tileston,	A. P. Pilot,	William Wood,
Henry Colt,	Leroy M. Wiley,	J. Henry Burgy,
Wm. C. Pickersgill,	Daniel S. Miller,	Cornelius Grinnell,
Lewis Curtis,	S. T. Nicoll,

The Independent.

EUROPE AND ASIA.

England, Aug. 15, 1860.

There is a brief pause in the march of grand events, though there is more than enough of movement to keep the attention unrelaxed. During this brief pause Diplomacy is as active as sailors say a certain personage is in a gale of wind. Garibaldi has taken breath. The landing on the Neapolitan territory is not yet announced. The atmosphere thickens over Southern Italy. Cavour and the King of Sardinia are beset at Turin. It is not possible to read the German papers without seeing that Austria is laboring to get moral and material support in Italy, and is preparing for the defense of Venice. On all hands the success of Garibaldi is assumed at Naples. Then it is quite certain, simply from the character of the man, that he will employ the material resources of Naples for the deliverance of Venice, and to realize the abandoned Napoleonic idea of Italy, free to the Adriatic. These facts accepted, it is clear that the peace of Europe hangs upon a thread. Austria can and will fight for the retention of Venice. She will have to fight with Italy only. The French Emperor will not move to realize his abandoned and disinterested idea. This appears to be felt at Turin, where the fierce Italian energy, embodied in Garibaldi, is disparaged. France will not assist this Italy: will "Germany" aid Austria? Can Italy, stiff with fetters and faint from long bondage, redeem herself? It is painful so to ask of Germany. But Germany is not to be accounted of as enlightened and liberal. Germany does not like to see German men and the Hapsburg-Lorraine dynasty and connections driven out of Italy. Prussia, which should be Germany, has little sympathy with Italy, and immense distrust of France, by whom Germany, or at least Austria, was stricken in Italy. Further, the Austria and Germany of capitalists are against Italy. Austria is sold to the modern Satan, as German fictions of the Middle Ages conceived the individual man to be sold to the arch enemy. The Jews and jobbers of the Bourse, these modern viceroys over kings, and to whom peoples are pawned, are all for Austria. Their money perish with them! Besides: it is not even the cause of a king or a count; not even of the Sardinian King. It is Garibaldi and nationalities; and Hungarian ground and Polish soil feel the vibrations of the political earthquake.

To-morrow is the birthday of the German Emperor. Even now in Imperial press-rooms and printing-offices there are probably proclamations and allocutions, and one knows not what apparatus of deception, all ready to be launched before the world. Will the Emperor proclaim his magnanimity to the Magyar and Sclavonian—ask their help to keep his Venetian bondmen down south? Will he tell his griefs to kings, and announce his dire resolves? These things are the things of to-morrow, and to-morrow we will think of them.

Garibaldi has written to the Queen of England, by the hands of Paldofini, his special envoy. The following translation comes from Palermo:

"Your Majesty:—Called by my duty to my Italian fatherland to defend its cause in Sicily, I have assumed the dictatorship of a generous people, who, after a long-continued struggle, wish for nothing but to participate in the national life and freedom under the scepter of the magnanimous Prince in whom Italy trusts.

"The envoy who presents himself to your Majesty in the name of the Provisional Government which now rules this country, does not pretend to represent a special and distinct state, but he comes as the interpreter of the thoughts and sentiments of two millions and a half of Italians. By this title I beg your Majesty to deign to receive him, granting a kind audience and attention to what he may respectfully urge upon your Majesty in behalf of this most beautiful and noble part of Italy.

"Palermo, June 22d. "G. Garibaldi.

"To her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland."

This also to the honorary Secretary of the Garibaldi fund:

"Esercito Meridionale.

"Messina, August 5, 1860.

"Dear Hodge,—Receive my deepest gratitude for what you have done for us and the love you bear to my country. Should you wish to employ any money, generously subscribed by your countrymen for us, send us before all muskets with bayonets.—Your most affectionate G. Garibaldi."

Gavazzi has also been heard of, by a friend, to whom he wrote from Garibaldi's headquarters on the 4th of August. He says:

"I am indeed the happiest of patriots, finding myself, after so many years, in the very field I longed for, where the conquest of our civil liberties will bring to my land the religious freedom which was always the dream of my exiled life. Nor can I help feeling proud in recollecting that my words to English audiences were neither poetical nor impracticable, but the expression of a practical mind. What people objected to in my Italian views, has been realized beyond all imagination. They said we could and would not fight—we fought: that we could not govern ourselves—we did; that we could not enjoy wisely our acquired liberties—we have done that also: finally, that we could not rid ourselves of our municipal jealousies—we have done so effectually, and to the astonishment of the world. Meantime, I have to thank your House of Commons for their generous words, Lord John Russell for his open and firm expressions, and, above all, your people at large, who have given such a moral support to our Italian regeneration. Be sure, of what so often I spoke in England, that if there is no intervention in our fightings, we shall arrive to crown in the Capitol our dear Victor Emanuel as the constitutional King of one Italy."

The Pope has also been heard from this week. The *Giornal di Roma* of the 2d inst. gives a letter of the Holy Father, written in answer to one received from the Maronite Patriarch of Antioch, and other dignitaries, giving an account of the Syrian massacres. The Pope expresses his sympathies, but runs out into dire complaint of his own troubles. He gets through two sentences of sympathy, and then the awful Syrian spectacle fades before the form of Garibaldi and his sympathizers in the British House of Commons. Strange this, but true. Here are the words:

"Alas! it is very afflicting and deplorable that in our age mere sympathy and even aid should be accorded to the workers of troubles and seditions, than to the Christian peoples, who groan under the yoke of the Turks and other barbarous nations—peoples for whose liberation Europe in former ages undertook such formidable wars—to such a degree that in the general assembly of a certain nation, certain orators went so far as to praise and applaud a man, who, to the contempt of all right and justice, is endeavoring everywhere to overthrow religion and society.

"It is in this perverse manner people come to think and act when they reject and condemn the Catholic religion, the only one that leads to truth, the only one that teaches it, the only one that can heal the wounds of society when diseased, and sustain it and raise it up when it is fatigued and ready to succumb. How much is it to be wished that they, the most interested in it, might recognize at last that if human society incurs some peril, it is not from the church of God, but from the enemies of the church themselves, who, if favored, authorized, and assisted, are accustomed to turn their arms against their own patrons in order to ruin to its foundations all civil and religious power.

"Nevertheless, venerable brethren, we hope, with God's help and before long in the inauguration of an era more favorable to the Christians of your parts, for the generous French nation and its Government are preparing a large fleet to send to the succor of your country; in like manner other nations have already dispatched armed vessels to defend their fellow-countrymen, and rescue them as it were from the fangs of wild beasts. We have not been ignorant of this glorious impulse; we have elicited it, as far as in us lay, by our exhortations, being ourselves urged by our paternal solicitude, and we have no doubt that it will increase, for the defense of your common safety and well-being."

Our Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs has sent to the papers a letter from the venerable Dr. Thomson, in which, in brief but touching terms, aid was asked for the perishing at Beyrout, Damascus, and other places. It will be a support and comfort to him and others to find that this appeal was anticipated. About $20,000 have been advised to Beyrout, and, doubtless, more than this has ere this been advised from New York. There is nothing new from these seats of misery. Fuad Pasha's arrival and prompt doings had startled the negligent Turkish officials, who, with 400 others, were under arrest. As cowardice when at bay is fierce, so apathy when roused is convulsive in its energy. A harvest of heads will now be reaped in Syria; and so "order" will reign, after bloody anarchy had been nur ed to its full and fatal growth.

From the farther East there is various intelligence. In China a great success of the rebels is precursory to the assaults of the outside barbarians. Altogether, He who said "all these are mine" appears to be working his will upon the nations, and making of men and of governments his instruments of cruelty. Twenty years, with intervals, this, the most foul and sordid and cruel of all wars, has been waged,—the opium war,—for this it is in culmination, and few men have regarded it. May the heads of this Moloch-Mammon now be broken, and out of frightful and malignant evil good be educed.

From India, not much; but this will be noteworthy. Some time since a dispatch of the Indian Government appeared to prohibit practical Christianity to military officers. On the occasion of the baptism in the 24th Punjaub Infantry, the Government issued an order which appeared in terms to prohibit Christian teaching. This, of course, could not be accepted by high-minded Christian officers. The Indian Government now says that it has been misrepresented and misunderstood, and re-expounds thus:

"It is impossible that the general circumstances elicited in this case may make it advisable that Government should issue an order referring to the broad and obvious distinction between the case of officers communicating with their men for the purpose of converting them—in other words, using the influence of their position for the furtherance of conversion, and the case of officers conversing with and joining in worship with those who are already converted. The objections to the former course we consider to be clear and strong, and we are glad to know that in this view we have the concurrence of the Bishop. But before we determine upon the issue of any fresh order in a matter in regard to which the Government are so readily misunderstood and misrepresented, we shall await the receipt of information which has been called for from Madras, as to the rules obtaining in the army of that Presidency (in which the Christian element has long existed) with respect to the intercourse for religious purposes between the officers and their men."

Last night the Indian Budget was discussed in the House of Commons. It has the modern characteristic strong upon it—more borrowings, $15,000,000; a great deficit, $35,000,000; no thorough dealing with either army or civil expenditures; and the Indian debt, now raised to the round sum of $500,000,000. Withal, it must be admitted that great ameliorating influences are at work—harbor works and other important works are in progress; the land question in Oude is being dealt with; and the native claim, law, usage, of choosing heirs is to be recognized. This right of adoption and heirship has long been a sore place with native Princes, Rajahs, and Talookdars.

From India to the Caucasus: the Emperor of Russia having proved his doctrine orthodox by apostolic blows and knocks, a la Hudibras, sends infallible priests to follow up the conquests of infallible artillery. Note, then, the establishment of a new missionary society, by imperial order addressed to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Caucasus.

"The orthodox Christian faith once prevailed in those parts of the Caucasus where Islamism now reigns. Numerous traces of Christianity still exist in the mountains of that region where some remnants of the faith have been preserved. Wishing, now that the Caucasus has been subdued, to re-establish the orthodox creed, but by persuasion, and propagate the Gospel in the mountain districts, we have deemed it advantageous to call all those who have the orthodox cause at heart to co-operate in the great work. For this purpose we have instituted a special association, under the name of the Society for the Re-establishment of the Orthodox Christian faith in the Caucasus, and have sanctioned the statutes of the Society, as drawn up by you and examined by the Council of the Caucasus. Her Majesty the Empress, warmly interested in the progress of orthodoxy in the Caucasus, has taken this association under her special protection. In transmitting to you the rules of the society, with our sanction, we confide to you the duty of taking the measures necessary for commencing its operations, hoping that under your direction it will happily effect the object for which it was instituted. We invoke the protection of the Providence of God upon the efforts of the Society. Alexander.

"Tsarskoe-Selo, June 20, 1860."

Thus we glance from Indus to the pole, just see a few half things, and guess at their meanings. W.

ENGLAND ARMED.

In a recent letter from London in *The Independent*, the recent "Grand Review" of volunteers, by the Queen, was noticed, and the volunteer movement was attributed to the "*fear*" that the Emperor of the French would invade England! *Fear* is not the word; nor even expectation. It was the feeling of possibility, created by reiterated appeals, and by the dubious conduct of the master of 600,000 armed men, within sight of our shores. That has aroused the bull-dog spirit among Englishmen. The review in London was a grand demonstration. It has been followed by another even more striking at Edinburgh. As the Queen passed from her charming home on the Isle of Wight to her mountain retreat at Balmoral, she found herself in the midst of a triumph in the most picturesque of cities, Edinburgh. Twenty Thousand Volunteer Riflemen—English borderers, Southern Scots, and faraway Highlandmen, mustering in their unity, twenty thousand strong, trained in arms. Many of them traveling by rail through a long night to the north, and after the day giving the next night to a return journey. The gathering, and its spirit and enthusiasm, and all the circumstances, made it almost solemnly impressive. Now let it be understood that there is no "*fear*" in all this. Nay, it is to be feared that the next sentiment will be Hope: hope that the man and his legions will "come and try it on." This Dr. Beckwith and advocates of peace will see to be a natural development. Let men get arms and know how to use them, and they will want to use them. There is one view of the movement which we willingly take: Not long since there was real danger of the political morality of our young men being corrupted by the view of successful and imperial crime and of a kind of melodramatic, strong-handed government. It is not all bad that the possibility of this power being antagonistic to England should be contemplated. W.

ONTARIO FEMALE SEMINARY.

We learn, by a recent circular from the Trustees of the Ontario Female Seminary in Canandaigua, N. Y., that Mr. Edward G. Tyler and Mr. Benjamin Richards, who have been, for the past twelve years successively, Principals of that Institution, are now associated in its management. In prospect of the new term which will open in the ensuing month, the following information is of interest to parents and all friends of education.

This Seminary, which is one of the oldest and most successful of the higher female schools in the state of New York, was founded in the year 1825. For the first five years it was successively under the care of Rev. Mr. Whittlesey and his wife, so well known in connection with *The Mother's Magazine*, and of Mr. Brayton. For eighteen years, from 1830 to 1848, it was most judiciously and successfully conducted by Miss Hannah Upham, for a time as associate and then as sole Principal, whose energy, wisdom, and worth eminently fitted her for such a trust, securing the most desirable intellectual and moral influence over the pupils, and establishing the reputation of the school at home and abroad. This estimable and revered lady still resides in Canandaigua, and, since she resigned her charge of the Institution, has not ceased to care for its prosperity and usefulness. It is understood that some three hundred pupils have been graduated at this Seminary, and more than three thousand have been instructed in the higher English and Classical studies.

Help for "Poor Jack."—Rev. B. L. Swan of Stratford, Ct., preached a sermon in behalf of the American Seamen's Fund Society, in the Congregational church of which he is pastor; and in the collection taken up there was a check for $1,000, drawn by a gentleman doing business in this city. A worthy tribute to a noble cause.

"The Striped Jackets."—In response to the appeal printed in our last in behalf of a library for Sing Sing Prison, we have received from many different sources about Two Hundred volumes. Ten times as many are still needed. Books sent to this office will be promptly forwarded.

Commercial and Financial.

Southern Trade.

A short time since, only, many of our leading merchants made up their minds that the only safe place to do business was at the South—in the slave states. So anxious were they to have it distinctly understood that they "knew no North, East, or West," that they paid liberal sums of money to have their names conspicuously published in the newspapers at the South as *sound* on the slavery question. These same men were always on hand at every public gathering of doughfaces—every mother's son of 'em trying to have it known and read of all merchants in the slave states that they were on the "committee of arrangements" in every such display of tomfoolery. We have in mind some who, but a few years since, boldly declared themselves to be the friends of the slave and of freedom; but, to secure trade, they "went under" with all their good principles, and came up South. Alas, the ghost of poor John Brown nearly frightened these mercantile patriots to death! Nothing but large doses of "tape and bobbin" saved them. *The Journal of Commerce*, principal dry nurse of this metropolitan hospital of afflicted merchants, was constantly on hand to administer stimulants, until the crisis was over. Notwithstanding many doctors declared a speedy dissolution inevitable, the soul-stirring cry, "We still live," was soon heard in all quarters. Since that critical moment things have gone along "as well as could be expected under the circumstances."

Presto! What do these same merchants *now* say about Southern trade? What do they say about the *results* of the trade of last spring—brought here by the most extraordinary efforts—brought here by circulars and influential drummers, who presented a pro-slavery hook with an extra fine fustian bait upon it—brought here and "hauled in" in the face of threats that no more business should be transacted with "Northern abolitionists?" We pause for a reply.

One prominent house has frankly said that "as far as we are concerned, we wish now that our friends South last spring had *stayed at home* or bought their goods in Charleston or Mobile, as they threatened to do;" "for," said the house referred to, "they don't pay their notes."

Now "we oppose all sectionalism," especially in trade, and beg leave to say to the merchants of this, city and also to the merchants of the whole country that it is time to have done with such mercantile truckling. If you believe in slavery, as does Charles O'Conor, say so; if you believe in Republicanism, say so; in a high tariff, say so; in women's rights or spiritualism, say so; in temperance, say so; in anti-slavery, say so; or in being humbugged, say so; and tell any man, North or South, who questions your right to *private opinion* on all religious, moral, or political subjects, that he may go to—France or Austria, where all "progressive" and "peculiar" mouths can be shut up at short notice. If you can't sell goods without putting your soul and body into the same package, you had better curtail, wind up, *break* or jump into the Atlantic Ocean. Finis.

Money Market.

The specie in bank continues to ran down, but as yet it has not induced the banks to contract their loans, which, on the contrary, have increased nearly $900,000, with an increase of $629,000 in loans. The average amount of specie held last week was only $20,000,000, from which have to be deducted $1,750,000 shipped on Saturday, leaving but about $18,500,000 in bank at the present moment.

The continued shipment of specie at this period, and to an amount far above the receipts from California, renders the prospects of the money market hardly so good as they have been. Next week begins the heavy pay ments, and the banks will be called on for increased accommodation. Last week commenced a heavy draft of money for the South. Southern balances are not only reduced here, but in many instances large advances are called for, and Southern banks are sending on bills receivable for discount here by their friends.

A Western demand has also sprung up for currency, and large amounts of Eastern currency have been obtained and sent on West for purchases of grain and other produce.

All this has rendered the money market much more active, and when the heavy dry-goods notes fall due, higher rates will have to be paid for accommodation. At present the market is well supplied, with a gradual hardening of rates. The quotations are:

Loans on call, stock securities	5½@6
" other good securities	6 @7
Prime indorsed bills, 60@90 days	6 @6¾
" 4@6 months	6 @7
First-class single signatures	6½@7½
Other good bills	8 @9
Names less known	9 @10

In Foreign Exchange prices continue firm, and as the market is but moderately supplied with commercial bills, buyers are mostly dependent on bankers' drafts. The demand from importers is very limited. We quote:

On London, 60 days Bankers' Bills	109¾@110
Sight Bills	110¾@111
On London, Commercial Bills	108¾@109¼
" Southern or Canada Bank Bills	109¾@109¾
On Paris, 60 days Bankers' Bills	5.13¼@5.11¼
Short sight	5.10½
Amsterdam, 60 days	41½@41¾ cts. ₰ guilder.
Bremen, 60 days	79¾@79¾ cts. ₰ rix-dollar.
Hamburg, 60 days	37 @37½ cts. ₰ marc banco.
Frankfort, 60 days	@42 cts.

The Cotton market is unsettled, from the continued reclamations making from the Liverpool consignees on American shippers, in consequence of the depreciation in price.

The Grain market receives the benefit of constant orders from Europe, but the English market is supplied largely from Southern Russia, the Danube, Spain, and other ports, besides this country, and these timely supplies have prevented a further rise in the Liverpool market.

The importations are again large, and rather on the increase. Though they are at present nearly ten millions less in the aggregate since January 1st, as compared with last year, we expect they will be fully equal thereto by the close of this.

The advices from Europe do not favor a long continuance of peace there. The Bank of England continues to lose specie, and must get fresh supplies; and the Bank of France is replenishing its stock of bullion, and will do so, cost what it may, to meet the expenses of actual and contemplated wars.

Money is in increased demand at Boston, New Orleans, and Chicago, and all seek supplies from Wall street; so that the monetary pressure is on the increase, though little felt at present, the supply being very large.

Stocks.

The market has lost much of its speculative excitement. Prices have materially declined, notwithstanding the efforts of Bull speculators to sustain them. Without these efforts, prices would decline materially. As it is, the loss is serious to those who have been driven to sell stocks to pay off call loans called in. It is not quite so easy to carry stocks as it was a few weeks ago. This can only be done now by comparatively a few of large ready resources and influence. The large banks charge 6 per cent. for stock loans, and the bankers and smaller banks 7 per cent. Investment stocks are firm, but without change.

Notwithstanding the railroad statements, the public are buying the speculative stocks, we can find no evidence of such really being the case. There are cliques of speculative buyers, to hold only until a rise takes place, and not certainly for permanent investment; and these cliques are not confined to Wall street, but extend to Boston, Albany, Chicago, etc.; comprising parties who constantly look for ventures of this sort, but who intend to sell again on the favorable opportunities occurring which they expect. This is not what is meant to be conveyed by a demand on the part of the public—who only buy for investment. Besides, the receipts of the various railroads, great as they are compared with last year, are not so great as in many previous years.

Items.

. . . The Wall-street Fire Insurance Company has transferred its policies to the Rutgers Insurance Company.

. . . Isaac Seymour, Esq., Cashier of the Bank of North America, has been appointed Receiver of the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad Co.

. . . Rates of discount on the leading Bourses of Europe:

	Bank rate. Per cent.	Open market. Per cent.
Amsterdam	3½	3½
Berlin	4	4
Brussels	3	3
Frankfort	2	1½
Hamburg	No bank rate.	1¾
London	6	4
Paris	3	3
St. Petersburg	5	5@5¼
Vienna	5	4

. . . Bank of England's latest return to the 8th inst.:

Public deposits	£4,823,222	Increase £588,253
Other deposits	14,003,280	Decrease 714,374
Rest	3,513,130	Increase 90,917

On the other side of the account:

Govert ment securities	£9,804,273	Increase £45,478
Other securities	19 483,347	Decrease 229,353
Notes unemployed	7,601,815	Increase 175,205

The amount of notes in circulation is £21,707,390, being a decrease of £362,420, and the stock of bullion in both departments is £45,551,544, showing a decrease of £207,336, when compared with the preceding return. The contraction is the discount line is £229,353, or about a million and a quarter dollars.

. . . The Bank of France has increased its specie. The *Moniteur* of August 10th publishes the usual monthly return of the Bank of France, which shows the following results, as compared with the July return:

INCREASE.

Cash in hand	24,823,3306.
Bills discounted, not yet due	10,500,000
Treasury balance	4,666,000
Private accounts	26,666,000

DECREASE.

Advances	43,500,0006.
Bank-notes	27,500,000

Imports and Exports.

The following are the comparative tables of the trade of the port for last week and since Jan. 1st:

IMPORTS.

For the Week—	1858.	1859.	1860.
Dry goods	$2,213,431	2,811,247	$3,145,329
General merchandise	2,563,968	2,605,489	2,349,462
Total for the week	$4,777,399	$5,416,736	$5,494,791
Previously reported	87,739,802	162,917,407	152,081,570
Since Jan. 1st	$92,517,141	$168,334,143	$158,576,361

Exports of specie from the port of New York for the week ending August 25th.

EXPORTS OF PRODUCE AND MERCHANDISE.

Ship Monterey, Sumatra, Spanish dollars		$51,727 00
Bark Teresa, Maracaibo, American gold		10,000 00
"	Doubloons	7,341 00
" Mayflower, Barbadoes, Am. gold		15,000 00
" Pride of the Sea, Zaza, Specie		824 00
Steamer Adriatic, Havre, Gold bars		867,267 00
" " " Gold dust		1,556 00
" " " Gold coin		1,000 00
" Edinburgh, Liverpool, Gold coin		427,600 00
" " " Gold bars		271,634 00
" " " Gold coins & bars		200,062 00
Total for the week		$1,864,031 00
Previously reported		33,672,422 00
Total since January 1st		$35,536,453 00
Same time in 1859		49,083,811 00
Same time in 1858		17,249,170 00
Same time in 1857		31,976,499 00

Dry Goods.

Comparative Statement of the Imports of Foreign Dry Goods at the port of New York for the week, and since Jan. 1st:

For the week.	1858.	1859.	1860.
Entered at the port	$2,213,431	$2,811,247	$3,145,329
Thrown on market	2,412,813	4,844,527	3,217,509
Since Jan. 1st.			
Entered at the port	39,857,953	84,918,925	76,078,476
Thrown on market	46,551,751	84,889,297	76,111,543

Trade has fully commenced for the season, and importers and jobbers are alike busy. The Western demand has commenced in earnest. The hotels are filled with buyers. French goods have become quite brisk, especially fancy dress silks, blacks and plain colors. A good deal also is doing in merinos and cashmeres. French delaines, in the absence of a large demand from the South, do not take freely, and are to be bought low. Foreign shawls are brisk, but the demand is principally for broche. French and German cloths are in good request, and at steady prices. Domestic goods are very active, and assortments are much broken. Cotton staple fabrics realize full prices for the best qualities, but the lower kinds have declined. Drills are in brisk demand. Prints are still wanted for both the Western and Southern sections, at steady prices. Fancy cassimeres are in active demand, and firm in price. Domestic delaines are selling to arrive from the mills—the stock being reduced. Domestic wool shawls are also moving readily. The export demand for our cotton fabric continues good, and a California demand has of late sprung up. Ribbons are selling freely, and promise more activity than for several seasons.

PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

Ashes—Duty: 15 ₰ ct. ad val			
Pots, 1st srt 100lb	—	a	5 25
Pearl, 1st sort..	8 56	a	8 62½
Candles—Duty: 15 ₰ ct.			
Sperm, ₰ lb	37	a	38
Do.pt.Polish'g Co.	47	a	48
Do.do.J'd & M'y	47	a	49
Adam'tine, City	16	a	17
Adam'tine, Star	15	a	15½
Coal—Duty: 24 ₰ ct. ad val			
Liv. Orr'l ₰ ch'n		a	7 50
Sidney	—	a	5 00
Pictou	—	a	5 00
Anth'e ₰ 2,000 lb	4 00	a	5 00
Cocoa—Duty: 4 ₰ ct. ad val			
Marac'o in bd.	30	a	17½
Guayaquil in bd	14	a	15
Para, in bond	—	a	—
St. Dom'o, in bd	—	a	—
Coffee—Duty: 15 ₰ ct. ad val			
Java, white, ₰ lb	16½	a	17½
Bahia			
Brazil	14	a	15½
Laguayra	15	a	15½
Maracaibo	15	a	15½
Rio	12½	a	13
Copper (Kuprfas)—Duty:			
Bolts and Braziers' 15; Pig, Bar, and Sheathing, free.			
Sheath'g, new, ₰ lb	—	a	—
Sheath'g, old	19	a	21
Sheath'g, yellow	20	a	—
Pig, Chile	21	a	21½
Bolts	—	a	30
Domestic Goods—			
Sht's bn. ¾ ₰ yd	7	a	7¾
Shirt'g, bl.	—	a	7½
" B. L. do.	7	a	8
Shetgs br, 4-4	8½	a	8¾
Shetgs br, 5-5	9	a	10
" bl. 4-4	7¾	a	8½
" bl. 5-4	10¾	a	12
Calicoes, blue	8½	a	8¾
Calicoes, fancy	8	a	10
Br. Drills	—	a	7½
Kent. Jeans	13	a	27
Satinets	27	a	65
Checks, 4-4			nom.
Cot. Os. No. 1	10¾	a	13
Cot. Os. No. 2	8¾	a	10¾
Cot. Batts			nom.
Cot. Yn. 5s12 ₰ lb			nom.
Cot. Yn. 14s20			nom.
Cot. Yn. 20s			nom.
Drugs and Dyes—			
Alcohol ₰ gal	42	a	48
Aloes ₰ lb	8	a	16
Aloes Socotrine	30	a	45
Alum	2¾	a	2½
Ant'y, reg. cash	13¾	a	13¾
Argols, refined	28	a	33
Arrowroot Bermu	30	a	40
Arsenic, pow'r	3	a	3¾
Assafœtida	5	a	25
Balsam Capivi	60	a	70
Balsam Tolu	65	a	70
Balsam Peru	1 25	a	1 30
Berries Pera	10	a	12
Berries Turk	12	a	12½
Bi-Carb. Soda	3 75	a	3 81½
Borax, refined	18	a	19½
Brimstone rll	3¼	a	3½
Brimstone flor	4	a	4½
Brimstone ₰ ton	57 50	a	60 —
Camphor cr ₰ lb	—	a	—
Camphor ref	46	a	47½
Cantharides	70	a	77½
Car. Ammonia	—	a	16
Cardamoms	1 12	a	1 20
Castor Oil in bls. ₰ gal	—	a	1 07½
Castor Oil, E. I.	1 10	a	1 12½
Chamomile, Fl.	65	a	75
Chlorate Pota	20	a	30
Cochineal Hs	95	a	1 10
Cochineal Mex	95	a	97½
Copperas Am	1¼	a	1½
Crem Tar ₰ lb	34½	a	34½
Cubebs E. I	50	a	—
Cutch	5	a	6¾
Epsom Salts	2¾	a	2¾
Gamboge	20	a	25
G'm Arabic sorts	10¼	a	11
G'm Arabic pk'd	14	a	28
Gum Benzoin	—	a	50½
Gum Cowrie	4½	a	5
Gum Myrh, E. I.	10	a	25
Gum Myrh, Ty	25	a	32
Gum Trag. st	17	a	37½
Gum Trag. fl	75	a	80
Hyd. Pota. En & Fr	2 65	a	2 75
Ipecacuanha Br	1 15	a	1 17½
Jalap	90	a	1 00
Lac Dye	10	a	30
Licorice Paste	28	a	33
Madder Dutch	11¾	a	12
Madder Fr	12¼	a	12¾
Manna small flake	53	a	80
Manna large flake	1 18	a	1 40
Nutg'lls bl. Atcp	24	a	26
Oil Bergamot	2 75	a	3 75
Oil Cassia	4 00	a	4 12½
Oil Lemon	2 62	a	2 75
Oil Peppermint	1 75	a	—
Oil Orange	2 00	a	2 12½
Opium Turkey	5 50	a	5 62½
Oxalic Acid ₰ lb	18	a	19
Phosphorus	77½	a	80
Pruss. Potash	31	a	35
Quicksilver	—	a	55
Rhubarb Chi	50	a	55
Saleratus cash	—	a	6
Sal Ammoniac	9¾	a	10
Sal Soda	—	a	1 37½
Sarsa'rilla Hon	26	a	62
Sarsa'rilla Mex	9¼	a	10
Senna E. I	7	a	11½
Senna Alex	18	a	23
Shellac	45	a	55
Soda Ash 80 ₰ ct	2 12½	a	2 50
Sugar Lead W	11	a	12
Sulph Quin	1 65	a	—
Tartaric Acid	51	a	53
Verdigris	35	a	37½
Vitriol Blue	9	a	9½
Feathers—Duty: 15 ₰ ct. ad val			
L. Geese, ₰ lb	50	a	54
Tennessee	44	a	46
Fish—Duty: 15 ₰ ct. ad val			
Dry Cod, ₰ cwt	3 50	a	4 37½
Dry Scale	1 75	a	2 12
Pick'd Cod	—	a	3 50
Mackerel, No. 1.16	—	a16	20
Mack, No. 1, Hal	—	a	—
Mack., No. 2, M	—	a13	—
Mack, No. 3, M. l	—	a	8 75
Mackerel, No. 3	—	a	6 25
Salm'n, Pic. Nor.	15 00	a17	50
Sal. Fic. ₰ tce	22 00	a24	00
Shad, Ct., No. 1, ₰ bbl	—	a	—
Shad, Ct., No. 2	—	a	—
Shad, Son. ₰ bbl	—	a	—
Herring, Pick'd	2 25	a	3 25
Herr'g, Sc. ₰ bx	26	a	28
Herring, No. 1	17	a	18
Flax—Duty: 15 ₰ ct. ad val			
American, ₰ lb	—	a	—
Flour and Meal—Duty: 15 ₰ ct. ad val			
Sour	4 60	a	5 00
Superfine, No. 2	3 75	a	4 50
State Superfine	5 30	a	5 35
State, ex. br	5 50	a	5 60
West, mix'd, do	5 25	a	—
Mich. & In st. do	5 30	a	5 35
Ohio Superfine	5 30	a	5 40
Ohio ex. bds	5 70	a	5 75
Genesee, do	6 00	a	7 25
Canada, Sup	5 30	a	5 35
Canada, ex	5 50	a	7 40
Brandywine	6 00	a	7 30
Georgetown	6 00	a	7 25
Petersburg City	6 00	a	7 25
Rich. County	6 25	a	6 50
Alexandria	6 00	a	6 10
Balt. Howards	5 75	a	6 00
Rye Flour	3 45	a	4 25
Corn Meal, J'y	3 50	a	—
" Brandywine	3 87	a	—
" Punch.18	00	a	—
Fruit—Duty: Not D'd, 30: Dry F., 8 ₰ ct. ad val			
Rais. Sn. ₰ ½ pck	—	a	—
Rais. bch. & bx.	2 65	a	2 80
Cur'nts. Zte. ₰ lb	5¼	a	5¾
Citron	18	a	18½
Alm. M. Sh.	—	a	—
" Ivica sa	11¾	a	11¾
" Sic. ss	6¾	a	7
" Shelled	16¾	a	17
Furs and Skins—Duty: 8 and 15 ₰ ct. for undressed and dressed.			
Beaver, pcht. ₰ lb	1 00	a	1 20
" North. ₰ pce	—	a	—
" Southern	75	a	1 00
" Western	1 00	a	1 05
Otter, North, pr.	4 00	a	5 50
" Southern	2 50	a	3 50
Red Fox, North	50	a	1 50
Raccoon, South	25	a	30
" West'n com	40	a	60
" Detroit	50	a	75
Mink, Norther'n	2 25	a	3 00
" Southern	75	a	1 00
Martin, North	1 25	a	1 50
Fur Seal, cl's a.			nom.
Hair, do			nom.
Goat, Curacoa	60	a	65
" Mexican, ₰ lb	46	a	48
Deer, Texas, ₰ lb	18	a	21
" Arkansas	20	a	22
" Florida	20	a	23
Grain—Duty: 15 ₰ ct. ad val			
Wheat, w. G'bus	1 40	a	1 50
" C. w	1 34	a	1 37½
" Ohio	1 30	a	1 40
" Mich. wh	1 35	a	1 50
Chicago	1 21	a	1 25
Mil. club	1 23	a	1 26
Rye, Northern	75	a	76
Corn, r'd yel	69	a	70
" white	70	a	72
" South. wh	72	a	82
" " yellow	—	a	70
" " mixed	64	a	—
" West "	60½	a	61
Barley	72	a	80
Oats, Canada	39½	a	40½
" Canal	40	a	41
" Ohio	40	a	41
" Jersey	40	a	38
Peas, blc. ₰ 2 bu	3 00	a	3 25
Gunpowder—Duty: 15 ₰ ct.			
Blasting, ₰ 25 lb	3 00	a	—
Shipping	—	a	—
Rifle	5 00	a	5 25
Hay—			
N.R.inbls ₰ 100 lb	80	a	95
Hemp—			
Russia, cl. ₰